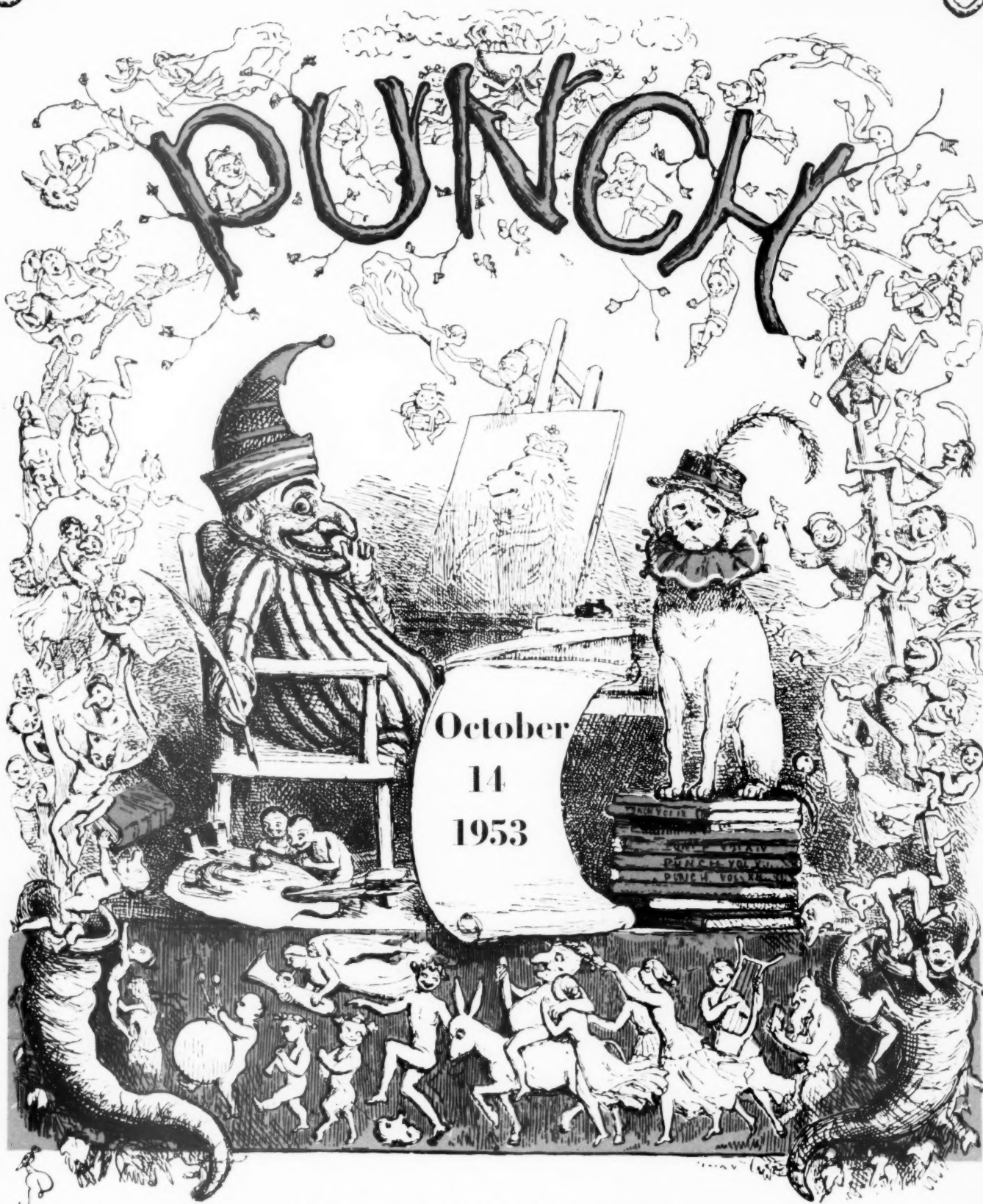


6^d

PUNCH or The London Charivari—Wednesday, October 14 1953

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E. C. 4

"so cool and fragrant"



Barneys

The ideal tobacco

"I know of no tobacco so cool and fragrant and one which keeps so well in the many different temperatures that I experience . . . Actually I wanted a change of tobaccos after years of heavy smoking and tried out a great many different sorts before deciding that Barneys was the only one that filled the bill."

This letter can be seen at
24 Holford, London, E.C.1.

This famous tobacco is also available in two other strengths. The full strength variety is known as Punchbowl. Whilst in the mild form it is called Parson's Pleasure. Each of the three strengths is priced at 4/6d. the ounce.

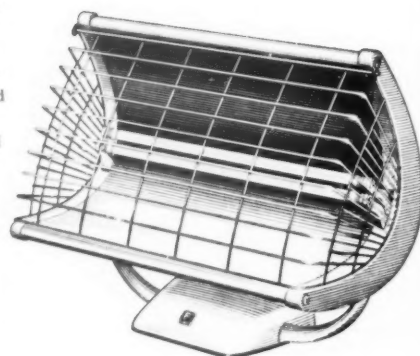
And

IT'S MADE BY JOHN SINCLAIR LTD.

No other fire of equal loading gives such
immediate comfort

Ferranti electric fires are designed for efficiency and made to last. The reflector is scientifically shaped and the element accurately positioned to throw out a wide and comforting zone of warmth. The heat is immediately effective.

Model No. F3108
1000 2000 watts
£13.0.5 (Tax paid)
Other models from £5



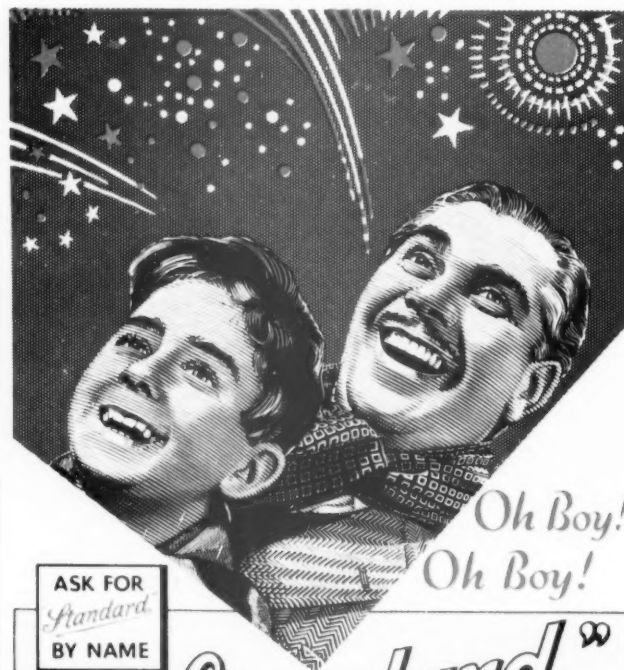
An electric fire should give a wide zone of comfort, warming you comfortably from head to toe, not scorching your face.

FERRANTI radiant electric fires
do just that!

FIRST — FOREMOST — HOTTEST

For free illustrated leaflet write to:

FERRANTI LTD., DEPT. D.A., MOSTON, MANCHESTER 10



Oh Boy!
Oh Boy!

ASK FOR
Standard
BY NAME

"Standard"
FIREWORKS

MADE IN HUDDERSFIELD AND SOLD IN THE BEST SHOPS EVERYWHERE

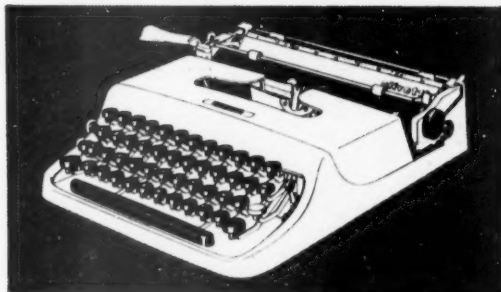


**All the features
of a standard typewriter
yet a "portable" portable**

The

Olivetti Lettera 22 is specially designed for personal use. It is compact and light because good design and special materials have made it so. It is a complete typewriter, with nothing left out and no part of the construction skimped. In short, the LETTERA 22 is a first-class piece of precision engineering.

olivetti



Height: 3 1/4 in.
Overall Width: 12 in.
Depth: 12 1/2 in.
Weight: under 8 1/2 lbs.
Price £28.15.0d.

Made in Great Britain by **BRITISH OLIVETTI Ltd.**
10 Berkeley Square - London W 1

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Authorized dealers throughout the country



And while he is serving you, Mr. Therm is serving the country too—cleaning the skies of harmful smoke, turning coal not only into gas and coke, but into valuable raw materials for making thousands of useful things.

in all, it is
drudgery OUT
and comfort IN
with

Issued by THE GAS COUNCIL

The latest gas cookers look well and cook well. And what about a little sink water heater to give warm, hot or boiling water on tap? The gas refrigerator will keep your food safe and Mr. Therm will cope with the week's wash in one of his new gas-and-power washing machines, drying it in less than an hour in a drying-cabinet.

Black tie or White tie?

You can be gracefully equipped for evening functions, in a Drescott dinner jacket or tail suit, at prices ranging from 16 to 25 guineas.

You can see these suits at good men's shops in London's West End and throughout the country. Look for the Drescott showcard. Should you have any difficulty in finding your Drescott retailer please drop us a line and we will gladly give you his name and address.



An announcement by
DRESCOTT CLOTHES LTD.
of DUDLEY
in the county of Worcester



Mappin Watches

These exquisite watches prove that a lady's watch can be a fine and dainty piece of jewellery and yet have a clear, easily readable dial.

Jewelled Swiss lever movements. Just three from a delightful collection at our London Showrooms now.



M1. 9 ct. gold £32. 10. 0 M2. 9 ct. gold £32. 10. 0

M3. 9 ct. gold £25. 0. 0

Chrome and steel £16. 16. 0

MAPPIN AND WEBB

LONDON SHOWROOMS, LIMITED
172 REGENT ST., W.1 2 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.4 156-162 OXFORD ST., W.1
SHEFFIELD: SHOWROOMS, NORFOLK ST.,
PARIS BIARRITZ BUENOS AIRES RIO DE JANEIRO JOHANNESBURG BOMBAY



SEVILLE CATHEDRAL, SPAIN—
from the Patio de "Banderas" in the Alcázar

Spain's rich heritage of fine architecture is exemplified by the magnificence of Seville Cathedral. Equally noteworthy are the sherries of Spain.

DRY SACK—an outstanding example—is matured, bottled and shipped by Williams & Humbert to the leading markets of the world.



WILLIAMS & HUMBERT LTD • 35 SEETHING LANE • LONDON E.C.3

"For thirty years

I have used my Veldtschoen for golf, shooting and every-day use. They are still perfectly water-tight and the uppers show no sign of wear. A doctor of course cannot go about his work in shabby shoes."

2/4/52



★

NOW
105/-

LOTUS Veldtschoen

LOTUS LTD
STAFFORD

The only all-leather shoe
GUARANTEED WATERPROOF

Avia introduces **AVALAST*** - the unbreakable mainspring

* The Avalast mainspring is a revolutionary development of watch-making research. It is made from a new spring alloy which is virtually immune against fatigue and fracture. Every Avia watch fitted with the Avalast mainspring carries a tag guaranteeing the mainspring for the lifetime of the watch. In the event of breakage a replacement spring will be supplied entirely free of charge.

Avia watches are available in a large selection from jewellers everywhere.

INSIST ON AN
AVIA

PRICES
FROM 7 GNS.



Swiss
Made
15-jewel
lever movements
individually
boxed in charming
gift cases.

THE
SWISS WATCH WITH
THE LIFETIME
MAINSPRING

Sole concessionaires for the U.K.
LOUIS NEWMARK LTD.

PURLEY WAY, CROYDON



[PNN 81]

Heads of State



and heads ahead

of most wear hats by...

Lincoln Bennett

162 Piccadilly (Corner of St. James's Street), and from
the best men's shops everywhere. Prices from 59/6d.





"BROOMWADE" is best, Master Bonniface!

No, no; not "oom-pah, oom-pah". It should be "oom-pah-pah-PAH!" After all those lessons, too! No more blow, you say? There's *another* way of compressing air, Master Bonniface; the "BROOMWADE" way. "BROOMWADE" Air Compressors operate pneumatic tools to drill, pump, rivet, grind, ram, fettle, bore, hoist, spray, chip, scrub, polish, caulk, shear, tamp... (Now we're as much out of breath as you are, Master Bonniface.)

"BROOMWADE" Pneumatic Equipment is built to meet *your* requirements.

"BROOMWADE" offers you:

- Expert technical advice on all your compressed air problems.
- Complete world-wide after sales service.
- Early delivery.

Write to "BROOMWADE" to-day.

"Broomwade"

Air Compressors and Pneumatic Tools are used in most Industries

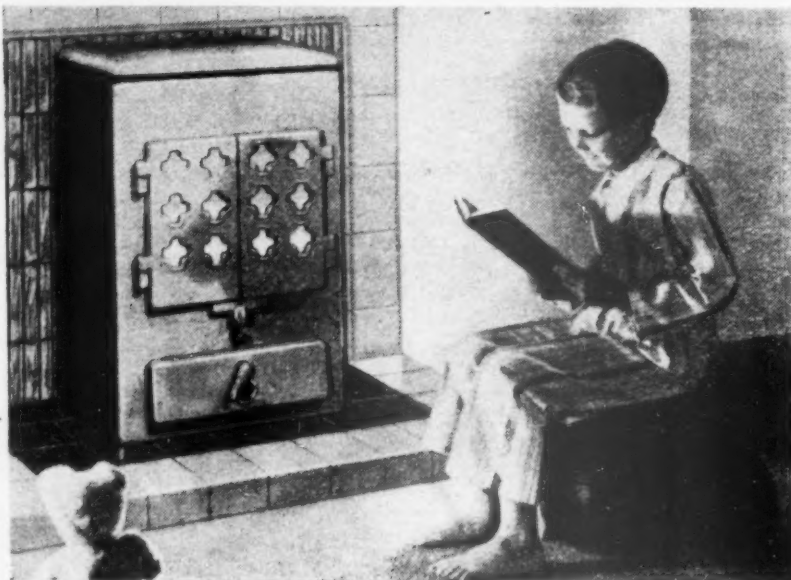
B R O O M & W A D E L T D . , H I G H W Y C O M B E , E N G L A N D

121 S.A.S.

The new Radiation SIESTA 4^A

brings you 'long range' warmth

NOW at your dealer's, in 5 lovely colours of Lexos porcelain enamel—the latest stove to bear the famous name of Siesta. This new model gives you over-all warmth in the most efficient and economical way. Cheerful radiant heat—with the fire doors open—and clean, health-giving warm air that circulates throughout the whole room—*both* are yours as soon as the new Siesta is installed. Here's a stove that extracts more heat and more comfort from every ounce of fuel—coke, anthracite, coal—even from the cheaper grades of coal that are almost sure to come your way this winter. It burns continuously too, right through from bed-time to breakfast and beyond; and a boiler model will add constant hot water to your comforts. Yes, if you seek convenience and economy, you're getting warm when you say 'SIESTA' to your dealer.



SOLID FUEL Radiation HEATERS AND COOKERS

RADIATION GROUP SALES LTD., SOLID FUEL DIVISION, LEEDS 12



Over 3,000,000
British homes are
Hoover cleaned

and there's a
very good reason why

Nearly three and a half million British housewives have chosen a "Hoover" because it is the only cleaner that "beats...as it sweeps...as it cleans". It is entirely different from any other cleaner. By its gentle action it removes trodden-in grit from carpets, and so makes them last longer. Easy-to-use cleaning tools for all "above floor" cleaning.

If you already have an Electric Cleaner that has seen its best days, replace it now with one of the latest Hoover models and see the difference.

H.P. terms readily available

Wherever you live, there's an Authorised Hoover Dealer near you. Ask him to show you the range of latest models. There's one exactly right for your home and your pocket.



**WHY THE
HOOVER
IS DIFFERENT**

The "Hoover" incorporates an exclusive feature—the Agitator. This not only sweeps the carpet, but gently *beats* it on a cushion of air, removing damaging, trodden-in grit and so making carpets last longer.

You'll be happier with a Hoover

The **HOOVER**
CLEANER

It BEATS...at it Sweeps...at it Cleans



Round the House

RONUK
LAVENDER
WAX POLISH
FOR FURNITURE
& FLOORS

Round the house there's a new and delightful fragrance... RONUK Lavender Polish. You will like it, just as you have liked all the RONUK polishes.

Now with **RONUK**
LAVENDER POLISH
FLOOR, FURNITURE, BROWN & WHITE WAX POLISHES



**Do you get Complete,
Peaceful Sleep?**

NATURE intended that your sleep should be complete and peaceful. Only from such sleep can you gain the energy, strength and confidence to see you cheerfully through the new day. To some fortunate people this kind of sleep comes easily. Others must take steps to encourage it.

A bedtime cup of 'Ovaltine', for example, will prove helpful. Its warm, comforting nourishment aids relaxation of body and mind, thereby assisting in promoting the conditions favourable to peaceful sleep. While you sleep 'Ovaltine' provides easily digested nourishment which helps to make your sleep complete and restorative. But remember there is nothing like 'Ovaltine'.

No other beverage can give you better sleep

Drink delicious
OVALTINE
The World's Best Nightcap

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland: 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6 per tin

P.898A

Father's in hot water!

There are times when Father's a nuisance—he's using the Swan Brand electric kettle for shaving just when Mother wants to make tea. Father! When will you get another Swan Brand kettle?



It's a happy family with a

SWAN BRAND
ELECTRIC KETTLE

— and all the happier for an extra one

From Leading Stores and Electrical Dealers

In the home for a LIFETIME

Write for illustrated literature to: Bulpitt & Sons Ltd., Dept. P, Birmingham 18
M-W-315



*"It's a right royal home
since the new carpet came"*

Bright with cheerfulness and happiness, BMK carpets make happier homes! The many appealing BMK patterns are woven by skilled Kilmarnock craftsmen from the strong, springy wool of the Scotch Blackfaced sheep, blended with other fine wools. BMK mothproof carpets are the finest carpet-value. When you're looking for warm comfort and constant joy from a carpet, remember to look for the BMK label!



**MOTHPROOF*
CARPETS & RUGS**

*Every BMK carpet and rug is permanently mothproofed—even washing, dry-cleaning and wear-and-tear won't affect this BMK mothproofing.

BLACKWOOD MORTON KILMARNOCK

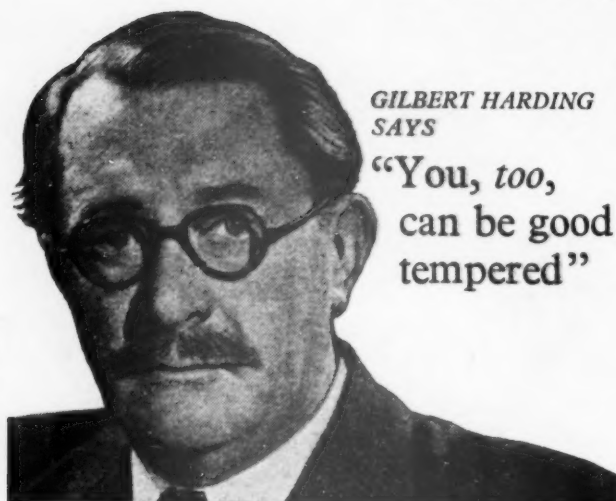
As the Italian said to
the French ...

*In all things ...
there is only ONE BEST*



**Choose
BOOTH'S**

MAXIMUM PRICES IN U.K. Bottle 33/9 • Half Bottle 17/7 • Qtr. Bottle 9/2 • Miniature 3/7



GILBERT HARDING
SAYS

*"You, too,
can be good
tempered"*

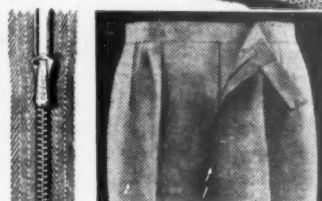
Utter nonsense what they
say about my temper. I'm
the mildest man in the
world, so long as I'm wear-
ing a comfortable pair of
Norvic "foot-like" shoes.
They give me complete foot
freedom and they feature
a special last which follows
the natural shape of
the foot.

GILBERT HARDING'S choice for town.
Norvic "foot-like" shoes featuring
their famous last which follows the
natural contour of the foot.
In black and brown calf. 73/9



For the name and address of your nearest suppliers write to
THE NORVIC SHOE COMPANY LIMITED . NORTHAMPTON

*Trousers are
better fastened with
LIGHTNING zips*



Good tailors recommend and
fit 'Lightning' zips—the neatest and
most practical fastening for trousers.
See that your next pair of trousers
is fitted with 'Lightning'.

LIGHTNING the reliable zip

LIGHTNING FASTENERS LTD., BIRMINGHAM
(A subsidiary company of Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd.)



L.F.130



*Tis not three weeks
past, a man called on us
for a specialle Toole. He
wanted a long hooke made of
tubes, some nine foote in lengthe,
that hath at the end a Crooke,
with 3 tynes turned contrarie,
which he proposed to thrust through
open windows to pull out any loose
linen, apparell, or other household stuffes
whatsoever, which hooke collapseth and is
Jeg lette out to hooke the Snappings, which goeth to
the Broker or the Barnde, and there they do haue the readie
monie for it. He got hyfe hooke, and tooke hyfe hooke, and to-day
hee did go Weste to Tyburn, and we hadde 40 blowes of ye bastinado
for ye aide we did giue hymme. If so be it ye haue any tube problemme of this
kynde, then by Bartholomewe Fayre, we pray ye, keep away from us.*

*Mr. Accles & Mr. Pollock Metalle Tubes wrought in
diuers shapes for honest gentlemen onlie • • OLDBURY BIRMINGHAM*

COMPANY REPORT OF THE J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANISATION



1953 A Year of New Achievement

THE FOLLOWING EXTRACTS ARE FROM MR. J. ARTHUR RANK'S STATEMENT TO THE MEMBERS OF ODEON THEATRES LIMITED AND SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES.

In my last Statement on the 1952 Accounts I was able to report trading results which were an all-time record for the Group. I emphasised, at the same time, the difficult conditions through which the entertainment industry was passing and said that I could do no more than promise that we would do our best to deal with these problems and maintain our important position in the industry.

The year under review has fulfilled these expectations. There has been no relief from the unfair and unreasonable burden of Entertainment Tax, although operating costs, principally wages, have continued to rise.

CONSOLIDATED ACCOUNTS, ODEON THEATRES LIMITED

CONSOLIDATED BALANCE SHEET.—CAPITAL RESERVES £701,083 show an increase of £134,751 over the previous year.

REVENUE RESERVES £2,423,441 again show a substantial increase of £1,001,796 due principally to the retention of net profits in the Group.

Thus the total reserves at 27th June, 1953, amounted to £3,124,524 or over three times the issued Ordinary Capital of Odeon Theatres Limited.

BANK LOANS AND OVERDRAFTS. During the year under review Bank indebtedness has been reduced by £971,740 and now amounts to £5,804,998. Compared with June, 1949, the aggregate reduction is approximately £10,500,000.

Taking loan capital and Bank indebtedness together the reduction during the period 1949-53 is £14,568,606 and during the year £1,811,039.

CONSOLIDATED PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.—The Consolidated Trading Profits, less Losses, before providing for depreciation and interest, show an all-time record at £6,762,467 compared with £6,397,278 for the previous year.

It is satisfactory to note from the analysis of trading profits that film production and distribution before depreciation show a profit of £455,247.

We have paid two years' Dividend on the 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of Odeon Theatres Limited during the year under review. The payment is thus brought up to date—a matter of extreme satisfaction to your Directors.

THE BRITISH FILM PRODUCTION FUND

I intimated last year that unless arrangements had been completed by the Spring of 1953 for an extension of the scheme we would reduce our present level of production and that we would largely bring it to a standstill by August of this year.

We are believers in British production and because of this we decided to continue production beyond these dates.

If, however, a voluntary scheme has not been worked out within the next month or so or alternatively Her Majesty's Government has not indicated to the Industry its proposals for legislation for a statutory scheme, we see no alternative than to reduce materially our production programme after the films which are now shooting and which will be coming off the floor in October or November of this year are completed.

The impact of Television has had an increasing effect on Theatre attendances.

I am glad to report that in spite of these problems the Group profits for 1953 have exceeded those for the record year of 1952.

This achievement is in a large measure the result of the skill, imaginative anticipation of trends in the industry, hard work and foresight of Mr. John Davis, ably assisted by the management team which he has built up around him to whom great credit is due. The profits earned in the year reflect the intensive drive for economies and improved efficiency in all branches of our operations.

ENTERTAINMENT TAX

I regret, notwithstanding the representations made to Her Majesty's Government, no relief was given from the discriminative burden of Entertainment Tax.

We are in the unfortunate position of "being ground between two millstones" represented on the one hand by the high admission prices we are forced to charge the public through the incidence of unfairly high Entertainment Tax and on the other hand by the steeply rising costs of operation.

I hold the view that the time has now come when it is necessary for a reduction of Entertainment Tax to be granted of such a sum as will allow exhibitors to pass on a portion of the relief to the public and retain a portion to meet their own greatly increased operating costs.

In this country, we took in at the Box Office this year £28,737,691 and paid Entertainment Tax of £11,136,915 as against the corresponding figures of last year of £30,018,278 and £11,808,831.

We operate 550 theatres in this country and of these during the year under review 236 operated at a loss of approximately £725,000 before providing for interest on capital employed and excluding profits on the sales made in the theatres. Even allowing for profits on theatre sales an overall net loss was incurred in these theatres before charging interest on capital.

This, when these same theatres paid £3,449,000 in Entertainment Tax. Obviously if the present situation continues we must in the interests of the shareholders close many of these theatres in order to protect the activities of our business as a whole.

EXHIBITION

DOMESTIC.—We have continued to be faced with many new and difficult problems during the year under review and have been successful in meeting and dealing with many of these by the intelligent anticipation and enthusiastic hard work of the staff under the guidance of Mr. Kenneth Winckles.

In our own operation out of the 12 best films shown this year six were British.

Many new mechanical aids are being developed in the industry to endeavour to combat the present difficulties, such as the 3-D films, the use of large screens, Cinemascope, etc. We are experimenting with all of these and are watching new developments closely.



J. Arthur Rank

DISTRIBUTION

DOMESTIC.—Under the able direction of Mr. Kenneth Hargreaves the relationship between our General Film Distributors Limited and our exhibitor customers has been maintained at a high level of goodwill. We believe exhibitors are appreciating to an increasing extent some of our problems and in turn, as a matter of policy, we approach their problems sympathetically.

EASTERN HEMISPHERE.—The hard work put in by the Managing Director of J. Arthur Rank Overseas Film Distributors Limited, Air Commodore F. M. F. West, V.C., C.B.E., M.C., and his staff in recent years is continuing to bear fruit to an increasing extent and I am happy to advise you that the cash remittances to London during the past year are near an all-time record.

STUDIOS

Pinewood has been in steady production during the year, 12 films being produced in which we have participated financially wholly or in part.

"Always a Bride," "Desperate Moment," "Genevieve," "Made in Heaven," "Malta Story," "Personal Affair," "The Final Test," "The Long Memory," "The Net," "Top of the Form," "Turn the Key Softly," and "A Queen Is Crowned," and in addition two films were produced in the studio in which we had no financial interest: "Hell Below Zero," and "The Sword and the Rose."

Apart from the productions which I have already mentioned we have participated financially in the Ealing programme which comprised: "Meet Mr. Lucifer," "The Cruel Sea," "The Square Ring," "The Titfield Thunderbolt," "The Gentle Gunman."

Our studios are in a highly efficient condition. We are watching with great interest the new production techniques which are taking place and shall adjust our methods to meet these conditions when the future is a little clearer as to the system likely to be adopted universally.

"A QUEEN IS CROWNED"

It would not be right if I did not refer particularly to this film which we produced recording the ceremony of the Crowning of Her Majesty The Queen and the reception of The Queen by her peoples when she proceeded through London.

The Organisation as a whole realized the importance of this effort and worked together as a team to ensure that the presentation to the world was achieved in the shortest possible time.

We can be proud indeed that the opportunity was ours, not only to make an historic picture, but to take it successfully to the farthest corners of the earth in a way that has never before been attempted.

THEATRE PUBLICITY LIMITED: LANGFORD & COMPANY LIMITED

I have not previously made reference in my annual statements to the screen advertising Companies, which make a valuable contribution to the Group profits.

I believe that these Companies form a valuable link in the marketing of products, which view seems to be shared by many National and local advertisers.



John Davis

Through the medium of our Companies we are able to arrange such showings to some twenty million patrons for a one-week exhibition.

MANUFACTURING COMPANIES: BRITISH OPTICAL & PRECISION ENGINEERS LIMITED

This Company maintained its profit for the year ended 27th December, 1952, which was an outstanding achievement in a very difficult period.

A material portion of their business has been secured in overseas markets. There are, as you know, many new techniques in production and exhibition being developed in the cinema industry at the present time.

The B.O.P.E. Group is in first class order to meet the demands which will arise in this connection.

This Group is engaged in a vigorous and extensive research and development programme with the object of improving its existing products and introducing and extending new lines.

We attained approximately fifty per cent. of the export turnover of this country in the products handled by the company, for which much credit is due to all concerned.

DENHAM LABORATORIES LIMITED

We have maintained the Laboratories in first class operational condition and have continued to expand our capacity to handle all colour processes (excluding Technicolor) with the result that we were entrusted by Associated British-Pathe with the printing of the whole of their colour film of the Coronation—"ELIZABETH IS QUEEN," involving the production of two million feet of film in a matter of five days.

This was a great achievement.

CINEMA-TELEVISION LIMITED

This company has made steady progress during the year under review under the able guidance of its Managing Director, Mr. G. Darnley-Smith. The policy which we adopted a few years ago of broadening its interests and activities has been continued with satisfactory results. In particular, we have had success with the industrial metal detector as the use of this equipment in factories is increasing. A particular application of metal detection is an installation on one of the runways at London Airport to enable the position of aircraft on the runway to be seen in the control room.

In this, the Coronation year, we had a great opportunity for securing much valuable information as to public reaction to large screen television. Eight sets were in operation in cinemas in this country during the whole of Coronation day, and showed clearly to the public the great possibilities of this system.

BUSH RADIO

A record turnover and a record profit has again been achieved by this company. The Company's productions have maintained a high reputation for reliability resulting in a steadily increasing public demand.

THE FUTURE

I have been able to give a good account of the Group's activities for the year under review, but I must emphasise that there are many problems ahead of the industry, some of which cannot be solved by the industry itself, and it is therefore quite impossible to make any forecast as to future results.

I can say with confidence that we are in the forefront with all the new developments in technique and showmanship and that whilst the industry must obviously meet increasing competition from television we believe that the cinema will always maintain its

important position in the way of life of the people of the world.

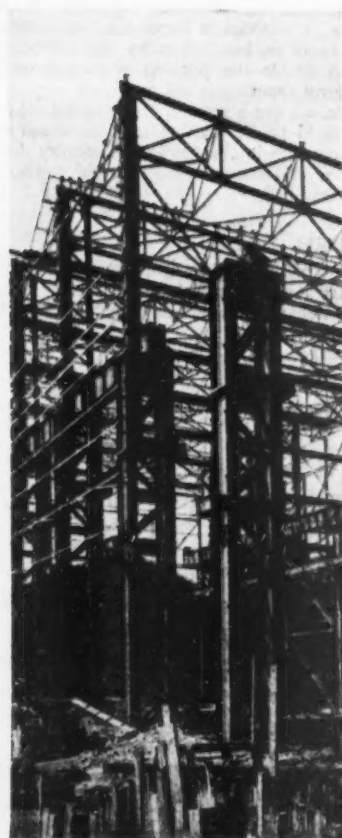
I believe that this Group which is soundly established in all branches of the cinema and allied industries will continue to give a good account of itself and, provided the problems of Entertainment Tax and the British Film Production Fund are dealt with, should show a satisfactory return to its shareholders.

J. Arthur Rank

Jamaica's and Havana's Best Cigars



The same fine quality
Havana wrappers are used
for both brands of cigars.



**Banister,
Walton
build
in
steel**

BANISTER, WALTON & CO. LTD

STRUCTURAL STEEL
Riveted • Welded

London S.W.1 • 82 Victoria Street
Manchester 17 • Trafford Park
Birmingham 18 • 61 Western Road



The most luxurious airliner ever built

All details from your
Travel Agent or KLM
Royal Dutch Airlines,
London, Manchester,
Birmingham, Glasgow
and Dublin.

It is only natural that KLM, the
air-line with the highest repu-
tation for comfort, should
choose the new Super-
Constellation.

Here is space that permits a
galley and a bar, compartments
in which passengers can
relax with scope to move
about, more restful seating.

Speedier journeys are a
great advantage too. Longer
range means fewer refuelling
stages. Fly KLM—There's
comfort in the air.

Cheaper Air Travel!

Available from 1st October, New Tourist
Fares to Africa and Middle East.
Off-Season Tourist fares to North America
and Caribbean.



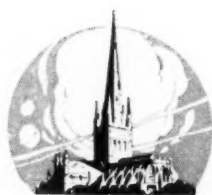


A Kodachrome photograph

A fine city, NORWICH

Adjoining the site where, centuries ago, madder was marketed to dye the Norwich-woven wool, stands the unique Maddermarket Theatre, modelled on the style of an Elizabethan playhouse. Here a small band of anonymous amateur players, local citizens from all walks of life, were directed for 30 years by their founder, Nugent Monck. This theatre has become so renowned for its presentation on an 'apron' stage of numerous plays, including the whole of Shakespeare's works, that enlargement has been found necessary.

Just as, from small beginnings, the fame of the Maddermarket has spread abroad, so the Norwich Union Insurance Societies, founded over 150 years ago by a group of Norwich men, have achieved world-wide recognition for their outstanding performance in all branches of insurance.



NORWICH UNION
INSURANCE SOCIETIES, NORWICH

Branches and Agencies throughout the World

A print of this advertisement may be obtained on application to the Societies' Publicity Department.

It's evening ease . . . it's a

DAKS

dinner suit

A man wears a dinner suit to look his best, and for that only the finest cloths and most skilful tailoring will do. With a Daks dinner suit he is not only assured of the excellence of the material. There's the comfort that comes from the superb cut of the jacket, and the immaculate hang of the self-supporting trousers. Tailored in baratheia, midnight blue in fine herringbone, or in cool lightweight Zephair.



START TOMORROW
on a lifetime of
Luxury Shaving
daily!

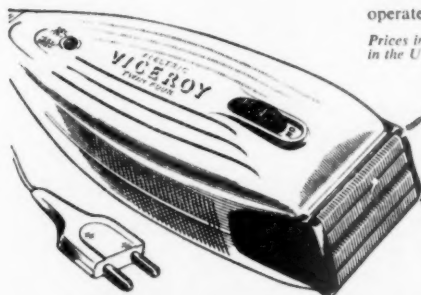


ROLLS RAZOR
The world's finest
one-blade safety

—with all its proved,
exclusive features and a
NEW distinguished look

Choose a Rolls Razor or
a Viceroy Dry Shaver at
your local dealer's *today* and
from tomorrow onwards every
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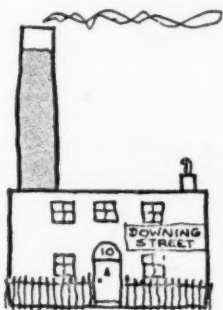
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ANOTHER OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS



CHARIVARIA

THE British Travel and Holidays Association is already laying plans to draw foreign visitors to this country next year. A good beginning would be to discourage the slot-machines now installed in many hotels from offering, at sixpence a time, "Stomach Powder, Throat Tablets, Aspirin, Soda Mints, Cascara," under the announcement, "For the Convenience of Our Visitors."



The Corporation of the City of London plans to enforce certain smokeless zones. It is thought that exceptions may be made for distinguished guests at Mansion House banquets.

Telephone subscribers in the Walthamstow district are soon to have a new telephone exchange named COPpermill. Authorities think this may draw off some of the 999 traffic.

Sir Cecil Wakeley foretold at a banquet of the British Pharmaceutical Conference that continued advances in pharmaceutical remedies would ultimately oust surgery altogether. Surgeons hope, however, for a renewed public demand for their skill as soon as it actually becomes a drug on the market.

An item recently put out by Tass, the Soviet news agency, announces the establishment of a chair of knitting at Leningrad University. It is expected that graduates with honours in the difficulties of k.2 tog. will pass on to liaison work in the satellite countries.

Though the unsuccessful competitors in the London—New Zealand air race have sportingly admitted that the best man won, there is a feeling that they also should have had a small prize for actually getting to the start.

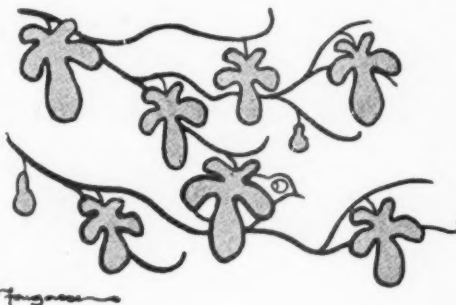
Mr. Philip Harben's reported intention to star in a touring variety show will do much to check the decline of the provincial theatre. Nothing packs a house like the smell of delicious cooking.

Discussion about standing passengers on London buses has flared up again with the suggestion that the permitted number should be reduced from eight to five. We'd make it six. Even half-past.

In a letter to the *Daily Telegraph* a chess player reports attacks of cramp during the game. He should keep moving.

A Southend jeweller advertises "While-you-wait Ear-piercing." Unfortunately, many ladies prefer to go away and come back when it's all over.

It is reported by a Tiptree bird-watcher that a robin arrived in his garden recently with hardly a feather on its body. It may have been posing in the nude for one of the modern Christmas cards.





I However large your majority, your constituents must always come first. It is they, after all, who elect you to Parliament. Thus, for instance, if you sit for an agricultural constituency, you should speak, vote, write letters to the Press, and otherwise exert yourself publicly, on behalf of high farm prices; if for an industrial constituency, for low food prices. There is no need to worry about seeming inconsistencies. The secret of success in politics is to promise everyone everything irrespective of the consequences.

2. It is, of course, true that your attitude in your constituency must vary to some extent according to whether your party is in office or in opposition. If it is in office, you must necessarily, with however bad a grace, attempt some sort of apologia for its record. The warmth of this apologia will vary in direct ratio with your own prospects. As a back-bencher you will be chilly, as a P.P.S. tepid, as an Under-Secretary warm, and as a Minister ardent. In opposition your task is easier. All you have to do is to denigrate whatever the Government has attempted.

3. In the House of Commons you should never forget that, from the Whip's point of view, an ideal Member is one who votes regularly, speaks rarely, and thinks never. It is most improbable that you have any particular views about anything, but if you have, keep quiet about them, at any rate in the precincts of Westminster. There have occasionally been cases of Members who, from conviction or some other eccentricity, voted against their Whip's instructions, but, with some rare exceptions, they were never heard of again. The ideal to be aimed at is the kind of party discipline whereby, at an interval of only a few months, the two main parties (and for the most

part the same voters) simply changed lobbies on the subject of whether or not Seretse Khama should be exiled. It is such manifestations of smooth-working party discipline which make British parliamentary institutions the admiration of the world.

4. Up to quite recent times much benefit was to be derived from advocating extension of the franchise. This was always popular, cost nothing, and resulted in a steady lowering of the average voter's mental capacity, which was to the advantage of all politicians, irrespective of party. It is difficult, however, to see how in present circumstances this process can be carried any further in this country, though the senior boys and girls in comprehensive schools may well in course of time provide a new electoral reservoir. There is also the possibility of enfranchising some of the more intelligent animals, but here a degree of training would clearly be requisite which might well make for trouble with the R.S.P.C.A. and other bodies. In what remains of the Colonies, however, wonderful opportunities still exist for introducing universal suffrage among aboriginals, head-hunters and others.

5. It is of the highest importance that you should get on to B.B.C. radio and television discussion programmes as frequently as possible.



ADVICE TO M.P.s

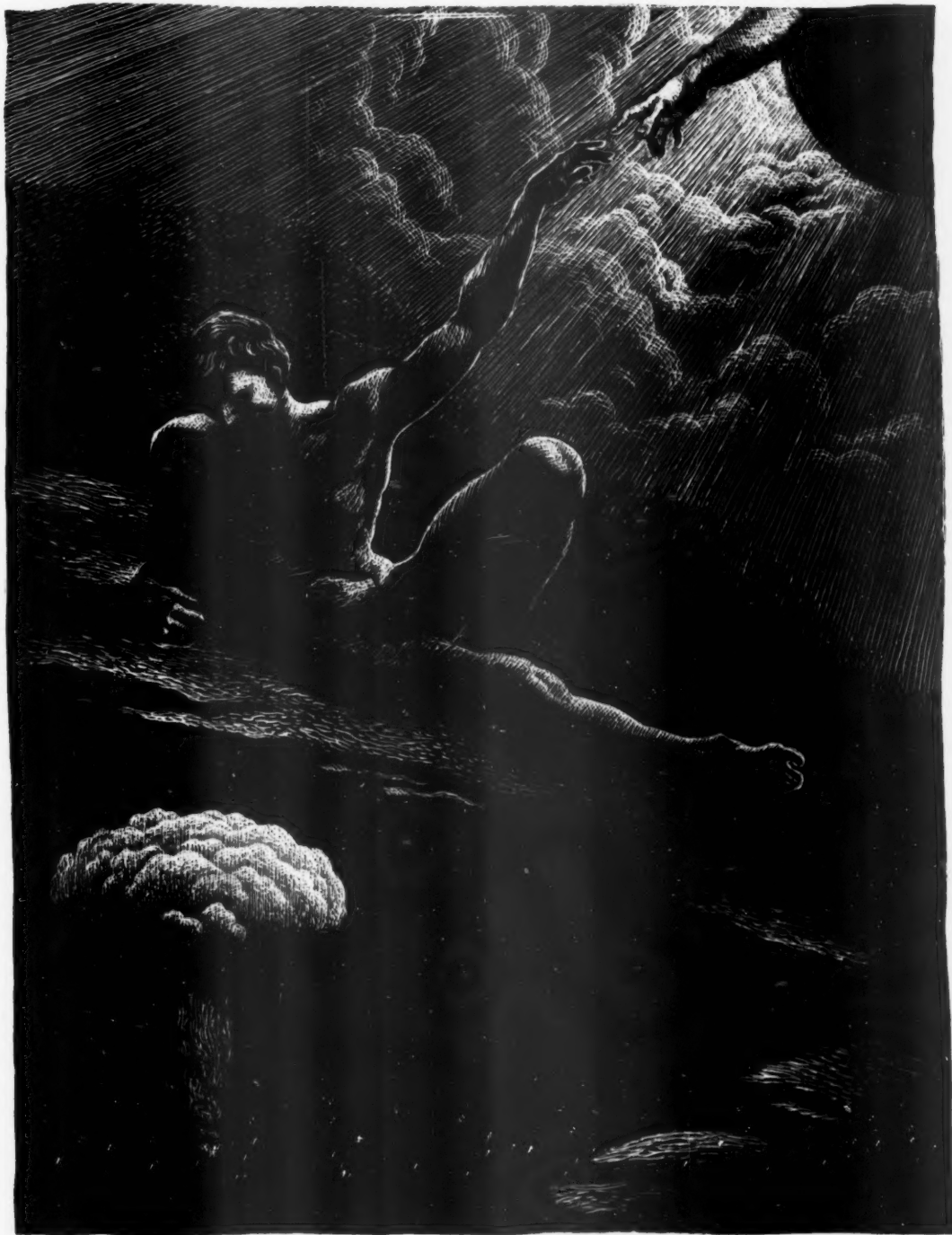
In these you should invariably take up a middle or neutral position, which has the double advantage of ensuring that you will be asked again, and of building up a reputation for moderation. Thus, as far as possible, talk round the subject, sticking to generalities and platitudes, and enabling the Chairman (who will usually be Lord Beveridge or Mr. Dingle Foot) to remark, in summing up, that a "large area of common agreement has been revealed." If, for instance, you are asked whether you would ever be in favour of using atomic weapons you should become discursive—"Naturally, you would deplore . . . Peace must ever be . . . It should not be beyond the wit of man to . . . If, unhappily, it should happen that . . . With all its obvious defects you still pin your faith in . . ."

6. Costume is fairly clearly defined—as, black coat and sponge-bag trousers for aspiring Conservatives, old-fashioned undergraduate ensemble for Bevanites, sober suiting and heavy horn-rimmed spectacles for Transport House men—but small eccentricities like a stock or a linen suit may be indulged in with impunity, and even advantage. In general it is customary for the rich and well-born to move Leftwards, and vice versa, and Winchester, of course, provides a ready stepping-stone to the Labour Party front bench. By the same token, a Conservative who can rake up a miner or agricultural labourer in his immediate ancestry will advance his prospects. If he can also get himself billed as "Ted" or "Jack," so much the better. In brief, remember that you are living in the Century of the Common Man, whose basic Orwellian proposition is that all men are equal, but some are more equal than others.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Next week's *Punch* will be a motoring number. Besides the usual features, it will contain a number of articles and drawings designed to illuminate this subject in *Punch's* particular manner. There will be a special coloured cover, but the price will be, as usual, 6d.

FIAT NOX



Further experiments in atomic explosion are being conducted at Woomera, in the Western Australian desert.

A Frank Address to the Old School

BY JOHN BETJEMAN

MY dear boys, it was kind and wise of your Headmaster to choose me to address you. Just when I was reaching the port stage of my excellent dinner with him last night, you were supposed to be dropping off to sleep in your dormitories and those of you who had not strings fastened to your toes to wake you if you snored, or who were not suspended by your feet from the rafters for not being good enough at football, were no doubt trying to get some rest.

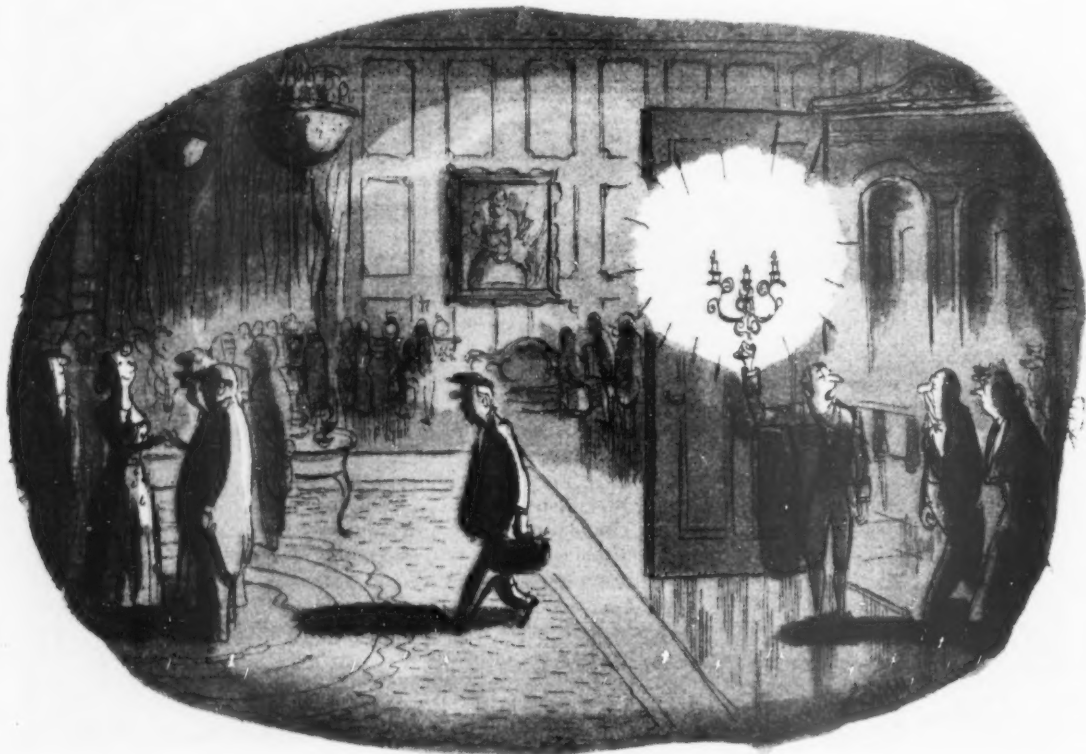
I like an early cup of tea in the morning, and at seven, when mine was brought, the well-known sound of the bell woke you from dreams of home to the more familiar white-washed walls of school, the rows of

iron bedsteads, each bed with its pale burden under the red blankets. I think there must be some educational supply company which has a monopoly of school bells. Their note is always the same, not so irritating as the telephone, but more terrifying; not so mellow as the church bell, but more ominous; not so evocative of excitement as a fire alarm, but conveying the relentless monotony to which it calls you.

As I lay in bed wondering what I was going to say to you, I heard your merry little feet pattering over cool linoleum to some healthy cold tubs to freshen you up for the day's work. It was raining hard outside and I was imagining that you would soon have to be hurrying away from a hasty breakfast, across wet courts

and under windy arches to classrooms smelling of ink, old boots, old biscuits and bat oil, there to bluff your way through the morning, trying to prevent your form master finding out that you had not done last night's preparation. By this time my breakfast was brought to me in bed on a tray, grapefruit, eggs and bacon, toast, coffee, marmalade, and *no porridge whatsoever*.

Do not imagine, however, I am trying to make you envious. I have got up after a nice hot bath and at a reasonable hour and can see things clearly. You will only be able to have these privileges by becoming so ill that you have to be moved to the sanatorium. But even then you will get well again and it will be doubly hard to adjust



"Lord and Lady Dimchester . . . an electrician . . . Sir Edward and Lady . . ."

yourselves to the rigours of the school curriculum.

And, dear boys, let me remind you of the date. We are early in October. Christmas is a long way off. The Christmas holidays are short; then comes that terrible term when it is so cold that you have chilblains on your toes as well as on your fingers. Then there are even shorter holidays at Easter and after that the long, long summer term with its unspeakably boring hours of grilling cricket followed by the dangers and the duckings of the bathing place.

But I am anticipating. I wonder how many of you will survive unscathed until the summer term? Looking round at this sea of faces, I wonder how many of you will be expelled; how many times each of you will be beaten by the prefects for leaving your clothes about, by your housemasters for not doing enough work, by the Headmaster for more serious crimes. Some of you I see already have spots. During the term, owing to the difference in the food from what you are accustomed to at home, these spots will grow angrier and boils will appear on the backs of your necks. But these are not complaints bad enough to earn you a rest in the sanatorium.

Well, it is time for me to go now. Your Headmaster has kindly put his car at my disposal to take me to the airport. I am taking a 'plane to a diplomatic mission in Bermuda. Besides having ample private means, I am paid by the Minister of Commonwealth Relations, for whom I am a sort of roving ambassador, at £5,000 a year with hotel bills and expenses extra. I shall stay at the best place in whatever is the capital of Bermuda, and I shall be away for some months as my work is of national, nay global, significance. Perhaps your Headmaster would like me to talk to you again next summer and if I have the time I will come. But I am a busy man.

Democracy at Work

"But India is a democracy, and the people have made up their minds. Andhra was conceded after a social worker called Potti Sriramulu had starved himself to death to obtain it."—*The Economist*



"There's a mix-up somewhere—surely this can't be Lollipop Binkie of Toytown."

Jackpot

GAMBLING machines may be fruit of the devil,
The apples and pears of delectable evil,
But when I return to my humble demesne
I shall set up my own private gambling machine.
These cleaners and polishers, mixers and mowers,
Deep-freezers and geysers and washers and sewers
Cost vast sums to buy and still more cash to mend,
While the gambling machine is the thriftiest friend.
Though the housekeeping money may vanish inside it,
One red-letter day the kind devil will guide it,
To pour at my feet all the wages of sin,
My pennies, the bobs that the neighbours dropped in
Which will pay for a lady to cook and to clean
While I loll at ease by my gambling machine.

KATHLEEN V. RICHARDSON

A Streetcar Named Greed

BY EVOE

"WHAT are you doing with that great lump of mud?"

"It isn't." She tipped it down gently off the spade on to the grass. It had bits of dead leaf and fern sticking all round it. Points arose.

"Oh, I see. All we need now is a flamingo."

"I think it ought to be fed. What would you say they eat?"

"I'll go and see." I tried two encyclopædias, and came back rather wise.

"Insects, frogs, mice, snails and sometimes leverets."

"We have no leverets. Any more?"

"Yes. Wholly nocturnal in its habits, hibernates, and immune from the bites of adders."

"We have no adders either. You might get some milk."

I brought it, saying to myself:

Eating insects, mice and snails

By the light of the dim moon,

*And leverets, if all else fails,
And from adder's poison
immune.*

What a whirl of excitement for a lump of mud. I felt ashamed of our meagre food store.

When a few drops of milk had been poured on the mud, it put out half a nose and one bright eye. Milk, apparently, was a corpse reviver. It heaved gently, unwound and crawled away to a lilac bush. There it anchored among the roots, and peered.

"Well, how did it get here, anyway?"

"I believe they sell them as pets in Camden Town. It may have come by Tube."

"But it would have to climb over the wall."

"It could have come through the garden door with the post."

"Rolling uphill, I dare say. But gathering moss. Don't they make any noise?"

"Once in Macbeth, so far as I know, but that was during an orgy. We can watch out for it to-night."

A street lamp lights the whole of the grass patch, making a perpetual chequered moonlight in every kind of weather except smog. There was no need to watch very hard. The activity of that piece of mud between nine and twelve o'clock was almost incredible. It went up and down and round about, apparently according to a regular pattern, stopping every few moments for a slug. It looked like a toy streetcar. A toy streetcar—named greed. It also put away two saucers of bread-and-milk, a pile of oatmeal and a bit of raw beef. It banged against the french window and scratched the pane with its paws. It tried to get under the garden gate. When it had finished it gathered up four or five hundred withered leaves to keep itself warm, and went to bed.

"When do they begin to hibernate?"

"That will be the test. We shall know when it's really winter time, whatever the clocks may say."

"I have an awful feeling that it may be lonely. Oughtn't we to buy it a little friend?"

I thought quickly about that. I could see any number of possible objections. About four to eight, according to the encyclopædias.

"I suggest we postpone that resolution until next spring. After all, we shouldn't know whether both were both, if you see what I mean."

"We could get another about next April, and put it at the other end of the garden. What a surprise when they woke and met."

"Like Stanley and Livingstone."

"Or boy meets girl."

"Anyhow, the books say that they do far more good than harm."

"And of how few can that be said?"

It occurred to me later that this thing might already be somebody's pet. If anyone has lost a dearly loved hedgehog of a rather rakehell disposition, please say.



"What's happened to the girl who was here yesterday?"



Suggested uses for redundant mortarboards, which will no longer be worn at Cambridge.

The Almighty Dollar

BY J. MACLAREN-ROSS

THE last story I wrote about the Bishop was printed in a popular magazine which has since ceased publication. A few weeks ago, while drinking in a Paddington pub, I was surprised to find a copy of that particular issue thrust on the counter in front of me, a plump index finger underscoring the title of the story and my name.

"The illustrations," said the Bishop gently, "scarcely do me justice. On the other hand, there is a certain resemblance, which a number of my friends noticed."

"Are you going to sue?"

"An attorney I know—disbarred, poor fellow, unfortunately—has suggested that course, but I've a horror of litigation. You wouldn't care to settle out of court?"

"I'll buy you a pint of bitter."

"Plus a slight consideration—say a lousy ten bob? Done, my dear boy, done!"

He set down the tankard and sighed. "I often thought I could write myself—if I had the time. But the pressure of business, you know . . . still, if you are prepared to act as my Boswell, there are many other stories I could tell you. For instance, the other day . . ."

The Bishop had come into possession of some smuggled dollars: market value, about two hundred quid. A chap called Spanish Jock knew of a buyer, and offered to help dispose of them, fifty-fifty split. Together they went to a restaurant in Soho, and the Bishop waited outside while Jock did the deal with

the proprietor, name of Schweizer. He waited two hours, then impatience overcame him and he went in. Schweizer denied all knowledge of Spanish Jock, but admitted there was a back door; when the Bishop finally ran Jock to earth some days later he told a story far from credible.

A copper who knew him by sight had entered the restaurant just as he was about to approach Schweizer; he had scarpered out the back with the boggy on his tail, ditched the dollars up the alley for safety's sake, and returned later to find some rotten geezer had made off with the dough. When the Bishop indicated his disbelief, Spanish Jock doubled his fist menacingly, saying "Think I'd cross up a pal?" and the Bishop, seeing that little was to be gained by



"If only he could cook."

argument, returned to the restaurant to interview Schweizer.

"Spanish Jock sent me. About those dollars you bought from him."

"Don't know nothing about no dollars," Schweizer said doggedly.

"They're forged," the Bishop told him. "Jock just found out. The police're after him—they may be here any minute. Better give me the stuff quick."

Of course Schweizer thought he was being done; on the other hand there was a chance the Bishop was telling the truth—especially as a C.I.D. officer had just walked in and was sitting at a table outside. Schweizer settled for a promise that the Bishop would share with him if he managed to resell the dollars, and the Bishop beat it out the back way with the roll in his pocket.

"Lucky coincidence, the C.I.D. bloke turning up like that," I said.

"No coincidence, dear boy," the Bishop said mildly. "I phoned the Station beforehand and told them Spanish Jock might be there—he's wanted on two counts. However, to continue. I'd found another purchaser—a theatrical manager named Brittlebank. He was going over to the States on business, and only too glad to acquire a few dollars cheaply. Needless to say, I did not feel obliged to share with Schweizer, since he had plainly been a party to that dirty deal with Spanish Jock, in which they attempted to leave me out in the cold. Nor could he do much about it, as he now believed the dollars were counterfeit. Judge of my astonishment and horror, therefore, when I read in the paper, some time afterward, that John C. Brittlebank, Esq., the impresario, had been arrested in New York for passing forged currency! The dollars were counterfeit, after all—unwittingly I had been telling the truth!"

"That must have shaken you," I said.

"It did," the Bishop said, "I was petrified. Happily, Brittlebank was released almost immediately, as his reputation for honesty was beyond doubt, but I took good care to keep out of his way when he returned.

"And then, one day, coming along Shaftesbury Avenue, I came face to face with him. My dear boy,



"Not often it works out as conveniently as this, sir."

I thought my time had come. But no—my luck still held! Brittlebank believed my assurances—or pretended to. Of course, it had not escaped me that I now had a hold over him similar to that which I had on Schweizer—in the eyes of the law we were both equally guilty of dealing in counterfeit money. Apparently he still had some of the 'slush' left in his London office, and all he asked now was that I should take it off his hands—which I duly did, with no regrets on either side."

"What did you do with the stuff then?" I asked.

The Bishop said: "Spanish Jock bought it from me for fifty quid. A measly price, when you remember

that he was ignorant of the forgery—until, of course, he in turn tried to dispose of the dollars. Somebody must have informed on him—somebody, perhaps, whom he had double-crossed in the past . . ."

The Bishop beamed down at his empty tankard. "He got five years—very lenient, considering . . . Think you could run to another pint, dear boy? And please, if you manage to sell that story—don't forget my cut."

2 2

"IRON RULE OF KREMLIN—BY ATTLEE"
Evening News headline

Deep, those quiet ones.



Conversazione à la Russe

BY C. H. DEWHURST

SOVIET security is notorious. However, as I was able to discover when touring round east Germany recently as Chief of the British Mission to the Soviet Forces of Occupation, it is not humourless.

I had notified Russian Headquarters at Potsdam of a tour I intended to carry out of the major towns of their Zone of Occupation in order to make the acquaintance of the various Soviet Military Commandants, and I fear that my letter caused somewhat of a panic. Though I carried a pass ensuring me free and unhindered travel, the Soviet General Staff always worked on the theory that the more openly I travelled the more suspicious the motive. I think that Signal "Red" (or whatever the precautionary code-word may have been) was in this case broadcast to all Commandants and outlying "Kommandaturas," for the seeds of friendship I tried to sow were not as fruitful as I had hoped.

An entry in my always crowded diary discloses the following conversation at the "Kommandatura" of one of the major towns.

We were seated around a long, cold table, in a long, cold "salon" reserved for V.I.Ps. A bust of Stalin (obviously purchased at the local "H.O." store) dominated us. The faces of all around were as long and cold as the table. They comprised the Commandant, his Assistant, his Adjutant, his N.K.V.D. (Secret Police) Adviser, a Major, a Captain and a stenographer.

We had taken our seats carefully and according to seniority, for precedence is of immense importance in a classless State. All eyes turned on me.

"Yes?" queried the Commandant. There was a hush.

"Yes, what?" I inquired.

The assembly was taken aback.

"Your visit? The reason for your visit?"

"I have come here solely to have the pleasure of making your acquaintance."

An air of perplexity could be observed. The Commandant bowed his head as if in acknowledgment, then looked up. "With what object?"

"Because I am the Chief of the British Mission, and as my officers

may pass through your town I wished to meet you, who are its Commandant."

"I am," replied the Commandant, retiring immediately to silence. You could hear a sickle drop.

"Well, how do you enjoy life here?" I ventured, adopting a cheerful tone.

"A soldier does his duty," replied the Commandant.

All present were quite delighted at this profound truism. The N.K.V.D. Adviser looked thoughtful as if deliberating whether so erudite a quotation had been lifted from Marx or from Engels. The Adjutant's face broke into an approving smile. The Commandant himself tried to look modest as if oblivious of the singular pearl he had dropped.

"Is there much to do in the evenings—theatres and so forth?"

The Commandant reflected upon this very carefully, for his hopes of promotion might be irrevocably prejudiced by the wrong answer. The Adjutant looked anxious; the remainder vague, as if to ensure in advance that they would be no party to any gauche or inept response.

"There is," he replied calculatedly, "but we have our work."

"Yes," cried the Adjutant, provoked into joining a conversation palpably not on his level, "we have our work!"

The N.K.V.D. Adviser gave him a sharp look meaning trouble in the morning. The remainder leant back in their chairs as if they had just finished a good meal.

I thought quickly. Perhaps vodka would thaw the icy atmosphere. It had done so before. But I had no means of knowing if the Commandant had it stored away; or, more pertinently, whether he would produce it for the refreshment of so great a concourse. However, I would try.

"Do you like vodka?" I suggested meaningly, yet off-handedly.

"At times," replied the Commandant, still flushed at the success of his preceding replies and clearly piqued that I should continue to tax him. His "At times" obviously inferred that this was not one of them, so I thought we had better abandon the contest while we were still on good terms.

"Well, I think I must now be going. I found our conversation most agreeable and I much hope we shall meet again." A wave of relief passed visibly round the table. All was smiles. I felt like a Director announcing an unexpected bonus.

"It is a fine day indeed," exclaimed the Commandant, quite impromptu.

"As in Russia," ventured the Major, hitherto silent.

"Ah! Yes. Germany is not the same as Russia," stated the N.K.V.D. Adviser, looking around for approval.

"No, Comrade Sadikov, not like Russia," echoed the Commandant.

"Well," I said, entering my car, "farewell."

"Farewell!" they cried.

The stenographer almost waved.

2 2

"MILLION KEY WORKERS MAKE NEW
WAGE CLAIMS"

Evening News headline

Threats of a lock-out are unlikely to deter these chaps.

Considine

"WHY," they demand, "with so much yet unknown
Anticipate the final colophon
Where the book fails among appendices
And indices?"

"To count the tale almost as good as done
Would be intimidation by the Sun,
That tap-house bully with his mounting score
Chalked on the door.

"Look at Sam Shepherd, ruinously white,
With marrow in his bones to leap all night!"
Yet Considine sits dead from the neck down,
With not a tooth lost and a beard still brown,
Curse of the town.

ROBERT GRAVES



"I was hoping they'd save 'em all till Guy Fawkes day."



Where Insolence is Bliss

BY J. B. BOOTHROYD

HAVE we misjudged the magistrates of Hounslow, who incurred such widespread public displeasure last week by allowing Mr. Gilbert Harding to withdraw from their dinner at the Red Lion Hotel? The possibility cannot be overlooked.

It may be that their brutal behaviour was due less to their resentment at being insulted—the impression given by the reports—than to their disappointment at insults of such inferior quality. Mr. Harding was certainly not at the top of his form. When you have arranged, after a good deal of tedious committee-work, to invite a leading connoisseur of abuse and ill-manners to grace your table as an honoured guest, you may perhaps feel entitled to something rather more sparkling than "third-rate" as the operative adjective in the speech of the evening. Mr. Harding has done better many times, and for larger audiences.

Without putting the magistrates too firmly in the wrong over the incident, let us nevertheless glance

at Mr. Harding's position. He is a man with problems, problems that are very real and very difficult. Here is a man blessed with, to all intents and purposes, a single great gift—that of making himself publicly objectionable for private profit. At present his career is at its peak. So firmly is he established in popular favour that he can afford to let as much as a fortnight go past without behaving abominably enough to get into the headlines. But to wait longer between insults would be risky. The public soon forgets its heroes. So, every fortnight or so, Mr. Harding must address himself to the task of reminding us, in one way or another, that he is the rudest man of the age. It is only by means of these repeated injections into the blood-stream of our admiration that the metabolism of public esteem can be maintained.

Unfortunately, as always in sad cases of this kind, the dose must be periodically increased. When Mr. Harding, in a B.B.C. parlour-game, took loud exception to the face of a

fellow participant, we experienced a delicious shock. But next time it had to be something a little ruder to produce the same effect; he must take exception to morals, to parentage, to standards of business ethics, of personal hygiene . . . rude, ruder, rudest. Where is it to end? Each time we draw a little nearer immunity to Mr. Harding's drug. One day, even a full hypodermic will leave us unmoved.

Looking ahead to the days when he has explored the abyss of misbehaviour to its permissible limits, and is confronted with things to do and say which even he, at the present stage, would hesitate to attempt, can Mr. Harding be blamed for conserving his waning resources for something more rewarding than a handful of magistrates at the Red Lion Hotel, Hounslow? And no wonder Lord Latham looked for him in vain at a similar function later in the week. Besides, there is another threat closing in all the time at his back: it is possible to drop a brick, however deftly, once too often. Even a gold one.

But perhaps, after all, the magistrates of Hounslow, at their third-rate dinner, were genuinely upset. If so, they were behaving in a childish and out-dated fashion. To part with a guest of Mr. Harding's eminence, even from a third-rate place, is bad enough: to do so after he has done his best—within reasonable limits—to entertain in the manner which has made him the idol of the listening, viewing and even reading public, is downright rude; moreover, it reflects once more that blind ignorance of current trends which is the weakness, from the lowest court to the highest, of our whole judicial system. The magistrates of Hounslow, old-fashioned stick-in-the-muds as they have revealed themselves to be, missed the point entirely. They were getting, from Mr. Harding in the flesh, what millions delight to get through the remote medium of the B.B.C.

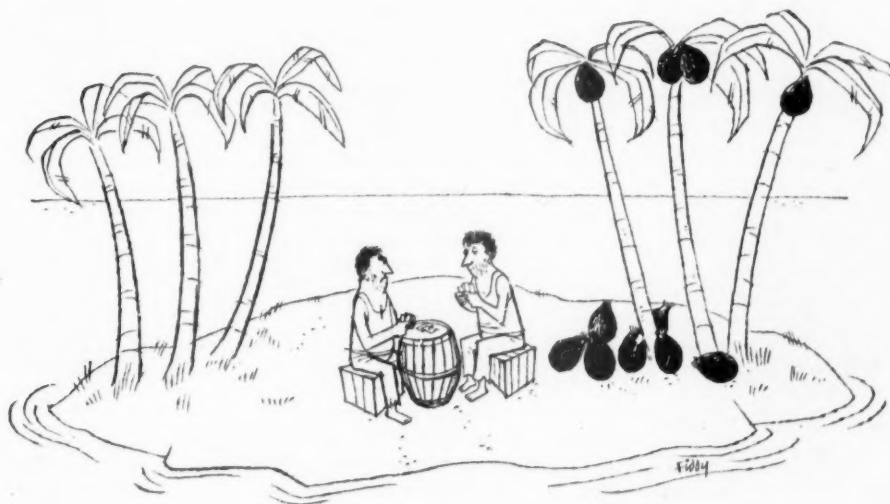
Reflecting, perhaps, on this, the magistrates of Hounslow will perhaps tender Mr. Harding their apologies, saying that they misunderstood him. It's a thing, according to Mr. Harding, that lots of people do.

Horse-talk with a Dog

"HE leads a dog's life," people cry—
 But why?
 Who has a better life than thou,
 Bow-wow?
 For every hound
 Free food is found,
 Without the harsh behest we meet
 That we must work before we eat.
 All day you do exactly as you feel;
 You sleep before, and after, every meal.
 Things would be said
 If I had so much bed.
 We seem to suffer mental fogs
 Whenever we refer to dogs.
 "I'd shoot him like a dog," fierce fellows say:
 I never knew a dog who died that way.
 Of all the creatures in the Ark
 We honour most the ones that bark:
 It was, we feel, by heaven's plan
 That Noah saved the "Friend of Man."
 Canaries, cats, can titillate the soul;
 And some have loved a goldfish in a bowl.
 But strong men weep
 When you are put to sleep,
 The Best of Beasts, the Senior Quadruped
 (This may embarrass you, but must be said).
 "Faithful," "obedient"—in you we see
 The kind of character we'd like to be.
 Yet in the play,
 Sometimes in real life,
 When men betray
 Or take another's wife,
 What does the wronged one say?
 "You beetle" or "You bat"—
 "You shark"—"You stinging ray"—
 "You gnu"—"You gnat"—

"Hyena"—"tiger"—"rattlesnake" or "hog"?
 No, no, surprisingly, he yells "You dog!"
 And then, of course,
 It's odd about the horse.
 The horse, we feel, has little fun:
 We flatter men who "work like" one
 (But mean to say it's overdone).
 And goodness, dog, I wonder what you'd say
 After a typical horse's day,
 Pulling the plough, the wagon, or the van,
 Or jumping walls with some enormous man,
 Spurs in the stomach, bridles round the face,
 And bits and whips to keep you in your place!
 Yet when the world rides heavy on our backs,
 Too high the fences, and the race too hot,
 Whipped by our masters, gored by income-tax,
 Do we complain "A horse's life!" Why not?
 "Horse-sense," upon the other hand,
 Is much admired by many,
 A thing I never understand,
 For horses haven't any.
 With four fine hooves, or even three,
 I know they'd never saddle me:
 And would an animal with any brain
 Consent to tackle Becher's Brook again?
 Then, horse-work we reward:
 But horse-play is deplored,
 Though is there anything more fair to see
 Than colts and fillies frolicking and free?
 No, dog, the thought is fuddled;
 Our metaphors are muddled.
 We seem to stray,
 We lose our touch:
 But, as you say,
 It may not matter much.

A. P. H.



The Confidence Men

BY B. A. YOUNG

THE correspondent of a Northern daily confided a problem. "I'm trying to get the feel of this Conference," he said, with the kind of gesture more proper to the Tate, "I'm trying to get the mood."

If he had been trying to get the reason he might have found it just as elusive. The Labour Party hired the Winter Gardens at Margate as a convenient maternity-home in which to deliver themselves of a policy, and every fraternal delegate there might try his hand as assistant midwife if he cared to; but the Conservatives went to Margate with a policy already born, breeched and entered for Eton.

There was, it is true, an extra factor this year, the necessity to prove that the leaders of the party were alive and in working order. A restored and vigorous Lord Woolton, like the Showman in *Petrouchka*, pulled back the curtains of his booths, gave a couple of toots on his magic flute, and revealed his figures not only living but brimming with energy. Mr. Anthony Eden, in Mediterranean bronze, flashed his modest smile on and off with a clockwork brilliance that must have been a positive danger to shipping making

for the Goodwin Sands; and Sir Winston, an elderly cherub, showed an undiminished command of his oratorical tricks that delighted an audience absolutely determined to be delighted.

But that was really a sideshow. The main concern of the Conference was to hear the resolutions brought forward by the representatives of the constituency associations. Not that it mattered a scrap whether these were passed or not: except, of course, that if any of them had not been, there would have been a procedural hitch while someone was sent to find out what you *did* in such unusual circumstances. Most of the resolutions debated were complimentary—"This conference congratulates the Government," "This conference whole-heartedly supports," "This conference appreciates the action of the Government," "This conference renews its congratulations to the Minister of Housing." But sometimes a bewilderingly discordant note sounded. Mr. Julian Amery, unable to agree that foreign affairs were adequately covered by the hope that the Government was "doing everything in its power" to ensure the "preservation of freedom" by "closest co-operation between the British Commonwealth, Europe and America," made a fighting speech on the Suez question in which such words as "gunboat" and "Fuzzy-Wuzzies" seemed to have been left out only with difficulty. The Conference, delighted as always by any mention of firmness, power or the British Flag, received him with uncommon warmth. Yet not a hand was elevated when Mrs. John Warde, the year's chairman, rose like a more austere Queen of Tonga and asked for votes against the resolution; and Lord Salisbury, who had to admit that he was still trying to resolve the Suez matter by negotiation, was received with a warmth even greater.

The debate on agriculture was more curious still. Farmers rose in minatory swarms against the Government's delay in announcing commodity prices and establishing producer marketing boards; but for all

that, the resolution that the Conference "pledged its support" of the Government's policy was cordially adopted and Sir Thomas Dudgeon's rather evasive summing-up welcomed with the usual show of appreciation.

What will happen about Mr. "Bob" Bulbrook's motion over post-war credits, where no Minister was in a position to persuade the representatives that they did not really mean what they said, is anyone's guess.

The fact is, of course, that the Tories still have a healthy distrust of democracy. As a sop to contemporary ideas they allow the rank and file to get up on such occasions as these and go through the motions of adding their own little quota of original thought to the body of Conservative doctrine. No one ever shouts "Shut your gob!" or "Chuck him out!" But the last act is always the Minister in his pin-striped suit and Brigade tie, who from the platform speaks his Party piece (prepared some time ahead), gently correcting the errors of the malcontents, or, if more convenient, ignoring them. As Monsieur Levasseur said when he invented the gearbox, "*C'est brusque et brutale, mais ça marche.*"

After an hour or two's thought the correspondent of the Northern daily revealed what word he had found to express the *feel*, the *mood*, of the Conference. It was: Confidence. It was a fair and just estimate, at any rate as applied to the *élite* on the platform, and it is to be hoped that the representatives in the body of the hall dispersed on Saturday night with their confidence unshaken. They should have: firmness is what they admire.

§ §

"Boscombe could not pull out that little extra needed to get the home points from Brighton, although the pace was hot—and a draw was a good result. Brighton were much more threatening in the early stages, but it was Boscombe who went ahead after 18 months."

Football Echo and Sports Gazette

While they were still fresh?



MARGATE Oct. 8—Oct. 10 1953



Laughter in the Kitchen

BY LORD KINROSS

AS his Century advances and Common Man grows more so, landmarks arise from time to time to mark his progress. One such, in the world of Art, is approaching. It is the jubilee of the most popular, hence most eminent English painter of the century, a water-colourist named Mr. Donald McGill. Since he sold his first painting, close on fifty years ago, some hundred million reproductions of his work have found their way into English homes. For Mr. McGill is the creator of the English comic postcard.

The jubilee of Mr. McGill will coincide with his eightieth birthday. He is a courtly old gentleman, scrupulous in costume, with delicate hands and well-made feet. He started life as a draughtsman in an engineer's office which had formerly nurtured Linley Sambourne. But since his secret hobby was anthropology, the study of the human animal, the anatomy of the machine failed to inspire him. Starting to draw on the backs of postcards for the amusement of nephews and nieces, he soon stepped downwards in the direction of fame, to amuse uncles and aunts and mums and dads instead. His first printed postcard bore the caption:

Eminent Dog-fancier (on being shown the twins): And now which one are you going to keep?

Since then, with a vulgarity worthy of Shakespeare or Hogarth, Mr. McGill has depicted in eleven thousand paintings, half a century of Common English life. His work reflects an uninhibited world of dazzling colour and Rabelaisian wit. Its ladies, saucy-eyed, flaunt Rubensian contours in skin-tight garments of imperial purple, royal blue and pillar-box red, breaking exuberantly into spots and stripes. Their fashions, designed exclusively by Mr. McGill, never die, displaying the human figure to provocative advantage with a permanent skirt-line several inches higher than M. Dior's highest. They wear perms, small hats with frivolous bows, pointed, high-heeled patent-leather shoes, nylon stockings and gaily-coloured underclothes.

The men of the species reflect in their costume the social distinctions of a less Common period. The Worker (still quaintly called Workman) is walrus-moustached, in cloth cap, kerchief and waistcoat without jacket. The Gentleman of Leisure is beady-eyed, in purple-striped suit, yellow waistcoat, straw boater or bowler, carrying gloves and a cane or rolled umbrella. The Professional Man is owlish in correct black coat, butterfly collar and pin-stripe trousers. The Vicar wears pince-nez, the Blimp striped pyjamas.

The inhabitants of this world are primarily interested in—hence amused by—their anatomy and that of others, their natural functions, honeymoon couples, spooning couples, henpecking wives, philandering husbands, childbirth and nudism. There are certain basic axioms. Vicars don't know the facts of life. Window-cleaners are experienced lovers. Typists are never virtuous ("You really must learn to use the typewriter. The people in the office are beginning to talk!"). Servant girls (still in cap and apron) are either flirtatious or half-witted, old maids lascivious, office-boys pert ("When I was your age I'd saved £100." "Well, there weren't no cash registers in those days, sir!").

Foreigners—fortunately scarce—wear floppy ties, long hair and

beards, like the celebrated violinist "Seenyer Lallapalooza" ("Not mine, 'e ain't!"). They are confined to Europeans, except for the Kangaroo, a native of Australia ("Good heavens! My poor niece married one of them!"); and the Chinaman in pigtailed, remarking on a lady who has fallen out of a window into a dustbin: "Velly wasteful people, these English, to throw away a woman like that. She's good for another ten years yet!" The Scots are quite foreign enough: their kilts and what they wear—or don't wear—under them a source of keener interest than their thrift.

Mr. McGill sorts his postcards into three categories: mild, medium and strong. The mild depict chiefly the antics of kiddies, and have the lowest sale. But there is a notable exception: the best-seller of all time, first drawn in 1916, re-drawn three times, and still outselling both medium and strong. In a bedroom (with striped green wallpaper of the style now known as Eccles Regency) a puppy tugs at the nightgown tails of a small girl saying her prayers, provoking the interpolation: "Please, Lord, excuse me a minute while I kick Fido!!" To-day the next-best seller is the thin man with the handle-bar moustache, stripped for examination by a doctor, who says: "I'm afraid you'll have to have it off—it's sapping your strength!"

As a rule the Awful Child sells better than the Devout:

"Now go to sleep, dear—the dustman's coming."

"All right: Two bob and I won't tell father."

Animals are anthropomorphic, in conversation and behaviour. Storks are the favourites, then cats. There is the refined tabby, stalked by a prowling black tom, who says: "I do not think one is justified in bringing kittens into such a world as this." There is the hen who says: "Oh Horace, I've something to tell you! I'm going to have an egg!"; and the other, outside a poulterer's window, who advises her cock to "Look the other way, Henry, we're



passing one of those horrible nudist camps!"

Drunks conventionally lose their equilibrium, slur their words, develop red noses, and drop their gloves and umbrellas in the gutter. One, at a drinking fountain, complains, "I keep on preshing Button B, but nothing comesh out but water!"

Literary themes are rare. "Do you like Kipling?" asks the spectacled young man, reading *Kim*. "I don't know, you naughty boy," she replies. "I've never kippled!" Art is confined to statuary, with a preference for the classical nude.

Mr. McGill's is a conservative world, strangely blind to all evidence of Progress, social or mechanical. Lord Beveridge is unborn. The blessings of a National Health Service have yet to come; doctors are still private practitioners in morning-coats. Education is sadly neglected:

"Blimey, ain't that ruddy bus ever coming?"

"Willie, how often have I got to tell you not to say ain't?"

The design of cars is of the Harry Tate era. The telephone seldom appears. Television is left by Mr. McGill to his rivals, of whom he has a number. (When Mr. George Orwell wrote an essay on his work four Donald McGills wrote to thank him.) Broadcasting figures only once ("I don't care if you *do* disagree with the referee's decisions, you're not going to throw bottles at the radio"). But Mr. McGill admits that his "strongest" jokes are borrowed from the B.B.C. Light Programme.

In these he is a master of words. The various parts of the human anatomy are described in terms of poetic euphemism. His is a whimsical world, rich with the varied images of aspidistras and truncheons, binoculars and canonicals, diplomas and seaweed, pears and budgerigars.

But above all it is a world of stalwart patriotism, loyal to Church and State. "Adjudicator!" protests the judge at a beauty show. "Certainly not, I'm Church of England!" Mr. McGill's Britannia is a lady with an outsize back sitting-room, upholstered in scarlet, waving a Union Jack, beneath the legend: "British and proud of it!!"



All Quiet (Unquiet) in Guiana

TWO views of the situation in Georgetown, British Guiana, were available last week to readers of *The Times*, in whose balanced columns idyllic calm and nervous excitement were evenly poised:

TUESDAY

Reuter from Kingston, Jamaica.

Times Georgetown Correspondent.

The British cruiser *Superb* left here yesterday, to take part in manoeuvres off Jamaica next Thursday. The *Superb*'s exact destination was not stated, but the Caribbean Area Forces headquarters denied the rumour that the warships had been diverted for emergency duty.

The spate of rumour regarding the revocation of the British Guiana constitution and the impending arrival of warships with troops are believed to be untrue and unconnected... Informed sources here do not believe that the warships are destined for British Guiana.

WEDNESDAY

Times news columns.

Times Georgetown Correspondent.

The Government announced that intrigues of Communists and their associates, some in Ministerial posts, threatened the welfare and good administration of British Guiana and that naval and military forces had been sent to Georgetown to preserve peace and order... An attempt might be made to set up a Communist-dominated state and this would lead to bloodshed.

Georgetown is perfectly normal and quiet to-day and the excitement in London and elsewhere is not comprehended... There are no signs of impending crisis nor of any disorder necessitating additional troops... An influx of newspaper correspondents is expected in the next few days, but they are likely to be disappointed at the absence of colourful events...

THURSDAY

Times news columns.

Times Georgetown Correspondent.

The War Office announced that the 1st Battalion, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, would sail for British Guiana on Saturday... The cruiser *Sheffield* left the Clyde for the West Indies... There is still some reticence in Whitehall about the movements of warships and troops.

A heavy shower broke the day's terrific heat and cleared the streets of the city. Only a few employees who had been sworn in as special constables were lounging in Water Street, the chief business thoroughfare, and no-one had any news of warships. The city was quiet and all appeared normal.

STILL MORE INTOLERABLE

BY RICHARD MALLET

Amos and the Devaluation of Women

AMOS observed recently that it was interesting the way news value drained out of things.

"Women, for instance," he said, and looked round as if he expected everybody to be shocked.

Some of us were. "Women?" repeated one enormous man in a tone of outrage. "Are you suggesting that there's any less about women in the papers nowadays than—"

"About women," said Amos, waving a hand. "You're thinking of the pictures of young So-and-So, the well-known model, caught half-way up the steps of the 'plane to somewhere where she's going to show the new Dior radio-active hemline, or of Mrs. Oaf, the well-known carpet-beater, caught beating one of her inimitable carpets, because that's where the column happens to need a picture. That's just the point, they're *well-known*; I don't mean that at all. The news value is in the adjective, it's drained out of the noun. Are you going to tell me the mere doing of something by a woman gets into the news as it used to?"

"What do you mean, *something*?" said the enormous man, looking at him with suspicion.

"I mean *anything*," said Amos complacently. "They used to report it if a woman did anything, anything at all. It was a hangover from the days when all the news was about men. No: the news value is definitely draining out of women. And do you know what it's seeping into?"

There were a number of disrespectful suggestions, but nobody guessed what he had in mind. He leaned forward with his hands on the table, stared at everybody in turn, and pronounced with elephantine significance the word:

"*Helicopters.*"

We thought about this for some moments, and then Amos said "I admit the under-carriage isn't quite—"

"Sam Goldwyn would probably be upset to be reminded of it," he remarked once, "but really, you know, *include me out* is no more ludicrous than the universally accepted, totally unfunny *fade in*."

He has always had a tendency—as we think, regrettable—to be disrespectful about the remarks of Omar

Khayyám, and the last time his lip curled at a quotation from this invaluable authority somebody was bold enough to ask him why.

He took it quite well. "It's quite simple, really," he said in a mild tone, fondling the little glass that held the remains of his gin. "I just find it impossible to take seriously a man who obviously got his wine round at the side entrance, from the cup-and-jug department."

"But people are reading novels less and less," we said to Amos not long ago. "Are you *still* doing a novel?"

"Oh, I never read novels myself," very unwisely interjected a complacent-looking newcomer.

However, Amos's only reaction to this was to jerk his thumb contemptuously at the speaker and observe "*People*," to the rest of us. Then he announced that yes, he was still doing his novel, and he was going to have an index in it.

"A what?" we said, startled.

"An index," repeated Amos, blowing at his moustache. "I've often reflected what a very great advantage an index would be in some—"

"Oh, I see," the complacent man interrupted again. "You look up and it says 'Hero meets heroine, 51,' and 'Villain reveals self as gas-man, 64,' so you can skip all the parts where it—"

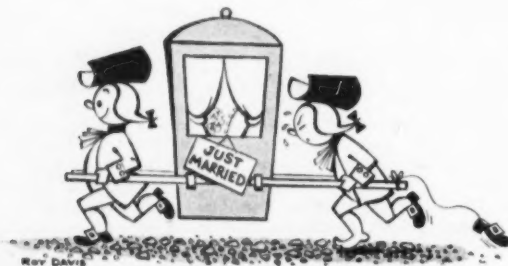
"Skip!" Amos rasped with a look of fury. "My novel is not the sort of thing anyone will skip. I am providing an index for the intelligent and appreciative reader. Yes, *both*," he suddenly snarled at a member of the company he judged to be on the point of making this crack himself. "It will have a foundation of references to incident, yes; but most of it will be" (he drew lines in the air with his finger) "things like 'Ludovic: indirectly characterized, viewpoint of Anna, 76; direct objective visual, 89,' and so on. Stuff of interest to real technicians. It's the people writing novels that read them nowadays. And luckily everybody's writing them."

His pet illustration of the importance of always considering the context of any pronouncement used to be a long, circumstantial story about a cowboy confronted by an art critic's remark about Steers, but the other week he found a shorter one. "No holds barred," he declared with apparent solemnity, might easily be taken as no more than a piece of good news for stowaways.

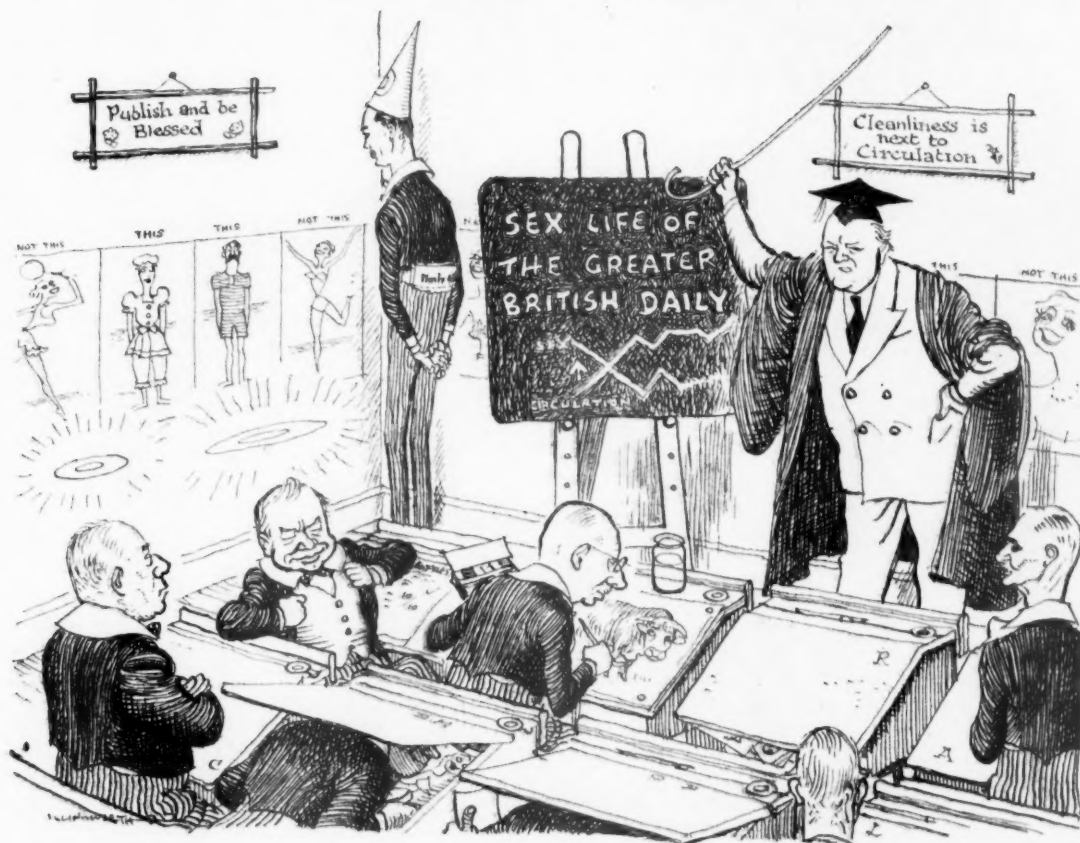
"Sir Eric Macfadyen said that . . . on October 9, 1903, the heavens were opened and several hundred people who had come down had umbrellas that were dripping and mackintoshes so sodden that they outlined the form of the wearer."

The Citizen

We should have gone right back up again.



SCHOOL FOR PRESS LORDS



"If this School for Press Lords materializes I shall be very happy to give a series of lectures there free of charge. I trust that I shall be put in charge of the night class for backward boys."—Mr. Randolph Churchill, at Manchester on October 7.

Meditation at Mooseville

Lord Beaverbrook has resigned from the Chancellorship of New Brunswick University.

OLD age has its advantages: wisdom, which is much admired, Is admissible in place of culture, which has to be painfully acquired. I've had some trouble with culture, and handled it rough in my day; But no one can say I'm against it if treated in a reasonable way. Mooseville had to have culture. All right, so I put up the stake: I didn't have their advantages, but I'm not grudging them the break. Wisdom, now, I will lay claim to. Wisdom is a quality of mind Proper to the old and successful and not to be narrowly defined: Something of a simple directness hardly possible in youth, The ability to clarify a matter without impinging on the truth.

I have walked with kings, but nobody who reads my papers much Would say that the company of royalty had lost me the common touch. I remain essentially the same as Mooseville knew me in youth, A starry-eyed backwoods boy with a passion for subjective truth. And hundreds of Mooseville boys, as the story of Canada unrolls, Dressed up in coloured academicals and clutching their illuminated scrolls, Will bless my wisdom and benevolence on each graduation day. I'll no longer be their Chancellor, but something will be there to stay. I never had culture myself, and the early going was tough; But surely they'll allow me wisdom if I put up money enough?

P. M. HUBBARD

STRANGER, PAUSE



So high are walls, it might be a prison (there's one not far off), but under them one reaches a drive-in, an arch, a porter who doesn't raise eyes from his newspaper: Kensal Green Cemetery.

If we pause, not certain which way to take, it may be with the feeling that we've no business here, and that when we have it's likely to be out of our hands; also we are realizing that make-believe by which, with some old painting or illustration, we would one day enter to look round, dip over the hill, and push the gate to the locked garden. Many times, I suppose, I must have passed this same scene framed by the archway. Now I am in and, pausing, part of the picture.

By luck—for there is more than

one entrance—we have come in at the beginning (1835, or so). How beautifully time works, rubbing away what's too plain, and scribbling round and over with wildness! More, surely, than the century has obliterated names; here a couple of headstones lean together, there a great black box like a sideboard has been tipped and left; the broken column breaks, and on sculptural ivy climbs the living ivy.

But if the trees grow and breathe, stone—often in a most curious voice—speaks. Sometimes it may be only with granitic name and date; sometimes an address, a flourish, a text will be added; there will be a wife and children, or a plurality of wives; more than this—information or exhortation of whatever kind—will incline us to spell out what's written. Thus may we encounter Samuel Laver (1797–1868),

“musician, painter, and novelist,” and surely not otherwise.

Sir William Casement, of the Bengal Army, has regimented four sepoy (or vikings?) who bear on their heads in perpetuity the canopy of his entombment. Honours abound. William Blake, Esq., M.C.P., will not fail to catch the eye. Baronets, benefactors, M.P.s, captains of war or industry, presidents of societies, all seem understandably reluctant to leave a position. But in this matter of worldly emphasis, who has the advantage—they or we?

One may well ask, since the proud rich man—despite camels and needles' eyes—doesn't, it would appear, go out a whit less rich or proud. Kensal Green may be, as the delighted Chesterton saw it, a remote junction to Paradise, but for many of its occupants Fame or Annals is more what they had in mind. Last

thoughts must remain hidden; but why not, in every cemetery office, a tabulation of Last Words, which the visitor might inspect for 1s. or 2s. 6d., going, of course, to upkeep? Those in stone too often betray the relative, hiding or gaining much.

Of disapprobation even the mildest there seems none. Here praise and self-praise link hands, point the toe, set off.

"It is the fate of most men
To have many enemies and few friends.
This monumental pile
Is not intended to mark the career
But to show
How much its inhabitant was respected
By those who knew his worth
And the benefits
Derived from his remedial discovery.
He is now at rest
And far beyond the praise and censure
Of this world.
Stranger, as you respect this
receptacle for the dead
(As one of many that will rest here)
Read the name of
JOHN SAINT JOHN LONG
Without comment."

So, remedial discoveries notwithstanding, it turns out. And yellow and red burns the sycamore, and a train passes.

Even those we do know, or think we know, may be somewhat disguised—Cruikshank, for example:

"For thirty years
a Total Abstainer and ardent
pioneer and champion
by pencil, word, and pen of
Universal Abstinence
from all intoxicating drinks."

The head surmounting this declaration challenges us in bronze: here (claims *Baudeker*) he is. Here he *was*, Universal Abstinence (or some other cause) having removed him to St. Paul's.

But Leech, Hood, Trollope, Thackeray, the brothers Brunel, Wilkie Collins, and "James" Barry (first woman surgeon and army officer, who went as a man) are here, in opposition to that other older brigade, the Highgate hill-siders, who include George Eliot, Herbert Spencer, Marx, and Old Mother Shipton. Dickens nicely distributes his favours, having there a wife, and here a ghost-love—Mary Scott Hogarth.

Between the two famous burial-lands has been split also one of the few great myths of the century: that which strove heroically to unite the Fifth Duke of Portland and Mr. T. C.

Druce, shop-keeper of Baker Street, in a single person. Only the latter's uncoffining on the northern heights, after fifteen years' litigation, served to quell fancy. The Fifth Duke was all that a duke might be, habitually wearing three suits, one inside the other, tying his trousers with string, constructing vast subterranean palaces on his Welbeck estate and sacking any of the five hundred men employed who saluted him, travelling in a heavily curtained coach drawn by six small ponies, and eating—in two halves—a chicken a day. He was generally credited with harbouring a corpse on the roof of his London house: this proved—when investigated by a sanitary inspector—not to be the case. The roof-top was bare. But the vault of the Druces, which should have been, wasn't. Profound was the disillusion of thousands for whom it had become an article of faith that only the Duke, popping on beards and indulging in midnight rides and mock funerals, could possibly have run their favourite emporium.

While I am considering this most delectable of histories—a Balzac novel in real life—peering through trefoils and following round inscriptions, an official comes up to ask if I'm looking for something. "Yes," I reply, "the Fifth Duke of Portland." "This way." I tell him some of the story. He points: three hundred square feet of ground, wildly shrubbed, with relations in a corner. The stone, of plain granite, is almost flush with the ground; one can understand, from his Welbeck habits, that he would take to earth as a duck to water. "Is there any considerable system of earthworks or tunnelings?" "Not so far as we've heard." "No way out, no escape-route to the canal?" "Definitely not: we should certainly know of it if there were . . . Brick vault," he adds.

And there it rests. There presumably *he* rests. Though it is still permissible, I trust to wonder whether the boot hasn't been on the wrong foot all along; beards may be put off as well as on; perhaps it was a clean-shaven Druce who whistled up through the night to Nottinghamshire to lay new plans for catacombs.

After the Duke's enclosure one

reaches a more ordered, less distracting modernity of services and lives rendered, and then the meadow as yet untouched, with Surrey hills in the background. For a moment we are in the country; then turn, walk a few steps, and a veritable Aleazar of gasworks ascends, catching gleams in the mist and towering to pure sunlight. The place teems with such Follies. This one imposes at the particular instant when we discover what seems to be Compton-Burnett ground: all uncles jostling nieces, and such names as Sabina and Ivy.

In the distance I catch a glimpse of raw earth, close-packed tumuli, flowers fresh and faded. A young woman accompanied by two children bends over a watering-can.

Then, upon us, and upon all round us, there bursts a quite blood-curdling shriek of high intensity, that might be some preternatural summons, a new war or the Fifth Duke sallying out from his long confinement; but is, in fact—as it discloses itself, with shriek joining shriek to form a sustained chord or chorus—no less than the gas-town signal to knock off. I, too, must go.

Once again the dog sleeps on in stone and his master's love, leaf-smoke drifts over the path, a bird's foot patters on gravel. There have been in these seventy acres forty thousand graves dug and filled. All is numbered, winding and odd—quiet, but not dead quiet.

G. W. STONIER



Doctors Will Jib at Scented Shoes, Expert Declares

BY H. F. ELLIS

HOW often do men with ungainly ankles wear brightly-coloured hats to distract attention from their weakest point? Seldom, on the evidence of a quick check-up in Fleet Street and the Temple. The stronger and, on the whole, less comely sex are surprisingly slow to grasp the importance of diversionary measures. Yet women have known for centuries how, by cunning use of colour, pattern, cut or other devices, to lead the eye away from roughened elbows or a badly-placed ear.

Take bandy legs. If shorts ever became fashionable for city men (and there was a move in that direction in New York not long ago), not one bow-legged stockbroker in fifty would dream of changing his hair-style to meet the altered circumstances. With women, as Mr. A. H. Turner, Worthy Master of the Incorporated Guild of Hairdressers, has been quick to point out, the case is far otherwise. "Take your cue from the trend of fashion in clothes," said Mr. Turner to the Guild conference in Edinburgh last week, "and realize that the lady who follows fashion in skirt-length and regrettably reveals her not-too-lovely limbs may gladly wish to avail herself of a distracting hair-style."



Yes, indeed. M. Dior may well have conferred a notable boon on hairdressers, a glittering opportunity to urge elaborate and expensive coiffures on their more misshapen clients. Now and again, of course, a lady with shapely legs will come in and demand an exceptionally simple hair-do, some sad, cheap affair designed expressly *not* to distract attention. There is a fly in every ointment. But such is Mr. Turner's faith in human deformity that he feels confident that, on balance, all will be well.

What of men? Is there no hope of stirring them up to a consciousness of their own deficiencies so acute as to be of direct benefit to trade? In the matter of legs, probably not. Even if the whole weight and authority of Savile Row were directed to the shortening, instead of the narrowing, of men's trousers, it is doubtful whether hatters and men's hairdressers would benefit; there would be a demand for slightly longer socks, but that is all. Much more promising is the plan, of which the first indications can already be seen, to attack the problem from the other end.

Men of a certain age do undoubtedly tend to become self-conscious about the tops of their heads, and footwear of a kind calculated to distract attention away from this area would be at once a kindness to the wearer and a profitable speculation for the manufacturer. That may be why the appearance at this year's Shoe and Leather Fair of a "Neo-Edwardian" half-cloth boot has been attracting so much interest. With its black patent-leather toes, its lavender-grey uppers and its fancy buttons, it can be depended upon to give immediate relief even in advanced cases of baldness. Now that the "Neo-Edwardian" is on the market, it looks, as one intelligent observer commented, like being a hard winter for wigmakers.

As a counter-irritant to baldness the new perfumed plastic shoes (another striking feature of the

Fair) seem likely to have less appeal for middle-aged men. The manufacturers, from what one reads, have failed to sprinkle their perfume with a sufficiently liberal hand, contenting themselves with an attempt "to neutralize the unpleasant odour that results from stored plastics and leave in its place a suspicion of, say, gardenia." This is not good enough. A whiff of gardenia about the feet might just serve to divert attention from some minor defect, such as a too-prominent Adam's apple; it will never take the average man's or woman's eye off a round, shining cranium.

For this reason one is inclined to expect that only the Neo-Edwardian boots will be obtainable free under the National Health service. That doctors will readily sign certificates for *them*—no less readily than they will for hair-dos for bandy-legged women—is hardly in doubt. Baldness is a disease, with severe after-effects. Its victims lose confidence, waste nervous energy by repeatedly passing a hand over the top of their heads, and in extreme cases tend to keep their hats on in the presence of their employers, thus prejudicing their chances of advancement. It is the merest justice to rid them of embarrassment by the supply, at Government expense, of cloth-topped boots with fancy buttons.

But there is a point beyond which doctors will not go. When it comes to plastic shoes scented with, say, gardenia, I believe they will stick their toes in.

"It's the gayest, brightest week-end paper of them all. That's why 34 million families read it every week . . . This week you'll find more of the famous pin-ups . . . dozens of jokes . . . exc.asive news from the world of film and stage . . . exciting 'Make it Yourself' fashions. And just look at these tantalising headlines—'Princess won food with promised kisses' 'Actress couldn't sneeze—she had a cold' 'Love nest became chamber of horrors' '75,000 dogs killed on roads in a year' 'Women's pipes to match frocks.'"

Reveille

Monday's going to be a let down.

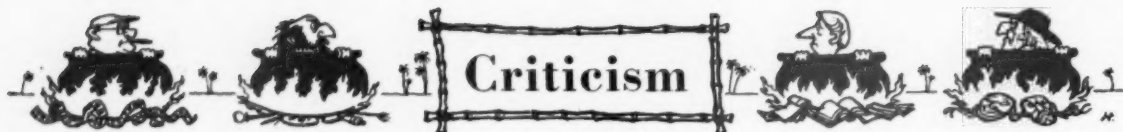


Waste Land Clearance

ERE Mr. Eliot could have a shot
 At growing lilac on some vacant lot,
 A hard time he would have of it in gleaning
 The waste land's crop of dead geraniums (meaning
 Long-dead ones); twisted branches; broken springs;
 Newspapers; grimy scraps of withered leaves;
 Lost golf balls; old, unhappy, far-gone things
 And bottles long ago. The mind perceives
 Imaginary visions of T. S.
 Fastidiously raking up the mess
 Wearing the bottoms of his trousers rolled
 While rats' feet lightly skim across the mould,
 And gravely quoting, as he forks the loam,
 The words of some obscure but classic tome;
 Occasionally dexterously chasing
 Pollicle dogs and jellicle cats, or placing
 Part of an iron bedstead or what not
 Firmly on someone else's vacant lot.

D. A. WILKINSON





BOOKING OFFICE

A Father of Modern Prose

"Whereas the girl was so dark-eyed and dark-haired that she seemed to receive a deeper and more lustrous colour from the sun when it shone upon her, the boy was so light-eyed and light-haired that the self-same rays appeared to draw out of him what little colour he ever possessed. His cold eyes would hardly have been eyes, but for the short ends of lashes which, by bringing them into immediate contrast with something paler than themselves, expressed their form. His short-cropped hair might have been a mere continuation of the sandy freckles on his forehead and face."

IF I had had to place this passage from internal evidence only, I am afraid I should have muttered uncertainly something about New English Art Club Prose. The reader who has a good verbal memory will know at once that it comes from the second chapter of *Hard Times*, but it is easy to fall into the trap of thinking it uncharacteristic of Dickens.

Pickwick, dying children, caricatures instead of characters, Ye Olde Inns, solicitors in fogs, lamps shining on burnished pewter in the snuggerly while the bodies of drowned men are carried past the door, illustrations of deformed persons sitting on small, period furniture—how difficult it is to get away from the stock idea of Dickens (as difficult as it must have been for our ancestors to stop thinking of Shakespeare as the author of *Romeo and Juliet*). Modern taste has moved some way, it is true, now preferring *Great Expectations* to *Nicholas Nickleby*; it treats Dickens's construction with more respect and criticizes in detail his attacks on social evil, both for the diagnosis and the cure. Still, however, it half agrees with the description of him as a gigantic dwarf. It is not judging his characterization by Mark Tapley or Serjeant Buzfuz or his tragedy by Little Dorrit and Nell that limits appreciation; it is reluctance to acknowledge the range of his style.

As far as fertility of invention

goes there may be some falling off in the later novels. The exuberant creation of minor characters and odd places has been disciplined by the pattern. The style has become magnificent. Compare the last hours of Ralph Nickleby with those of Bradley Headstone:

With a wild look around, in which frenzy, hatred, and despair



were horribly mingled, he shook his clenched hand at the sky above him, which was still dark and threatening, and closed the window.

This is melodrama, street broadsheet stuff.

Rigid before the fire, as if it were a charmed flame that was turning him old, he sat, with the dark lines deepening in his face, its stare becoming more and more haggard, its surface turning whiter and whiter as if it were being over-spread with ashes, and the very texture and colour of his hair degenerating.

This is how great novels since Dickens have been written. It is as far removed from the lunar beauty of Thackeray's silver cadences as from the lumpish jogtrot of Smollett and Scott. Thackeray's only stylistic descendant of the front rank is George Moore, while Dickens can be found in novelists as remote from him as Virginia Woolf and D. H. Lawrence.

His gift of knocking off a place in a few words is not limited to London churchyards, dockside inns and lawyers' chambers.

An immense, old, shadeless, glaring stone château, with half its windows blinded, and green damp crawling lazily over it, from the balustraded terrace to the taper tips of the extinguishers upon the turrets.

Not all the places in Carker's night ride are seen as clearly as that; but the point is that this is not a set-piece but a casual hit, an *obiter descriptum*. His eye became fiercer with time, more sensitive to colour, concerned more with identities and less with similarities. The descriptive sentences grow longer, as if he were passing his fingertips musingly, delicately, over surfaces he was discovering freshly till he died.

It is sometimes said that Dickens, after an exhausting youth tearing round England as a reporter and dashing off copy while they changed the horses, lived the rest of his life boiling and reboiling these early memories. The quickest way to refute this is to dip into the descriptions of foreign travel quoted in Forster. Until he died he was accumulating new experience faster than he could use it in fiction. (A selection of his descriptive prose from letters and journals ought to be included in every Collected Edition.) His development cannot be explained as maturity working on material acquired in immaturity. His perceptions became keener, more varied and more humble. In his early work he did sometimes give a slapdash rendering of a scene or a social incident, leaving the Dickens touch to embroider a half-digested experience. Later, he caught subtleties that had to be listened for.

The shift of emphasis from the earlier manner to the later can be seen in a passage from the description of Mr. Tulkinghorn's apartment:

A thick and dingy Turkey-carpet muffles the floor where he sits, attended by two candles in old-fashioned silver candlesticks, that give a very insufficient light to his large room. The titles on the backs of his books have retired into the

binding; everything that can have a lock has got one; no key is visible. Here the description begins amply and extensively and ends with the meaning tight on the words. At every stage, Dickens had an extraordinary eye for correspondences between animate and inanimate, but whereas to begin with he used it for caricature, later he used it more subtly and poetically, as in the storm which drowned Ham Peggotty and Steerforth:

When some white-headed billows thundered on, and dashed themselves to pieces before they reached the land, every fragment of the late whole seemed possessed by the full might of its wrath, rushing to be gathered to the composition of another monster.

The comparison of a storm-wave to a devouring beast is commonplace enough; but the commonplace is at the beginning and the end, enclosing something quite fresh. Ten years later the central image would have stood alone.

The time will come when Dickens' texture is as closely examined as Shakespeare's. Probably we are still too near to the story to see the diction; but he is gradually becoming recognized as one of the founders of modern English prose.

R. G. G. PRICE

The Go-between. L. P. Hartley. *Hamish Hamilton*, 11/-

Mr. L. P. Hartley's new novel has an ingenious, and somewhat Jamesian, theme. Leo Colston, who tells the story in the first person, is a boy of twelve invited to stay with the parents of a richer school-friend in their large country house. Before he knows what is happening he finds himself employed in carrying notes between his friend's sister, Marian, and the local farmer who is her lover. The period is 1900, the time of the South African war: Marian is being courted by Lord Trimmingham, who has been horribly disfigured by a war wound.

This situation gives Mr. Hartley plenty of play for his skill in examining social and family relationships. Leo is an intensely nervous child, doted on by his widowed mother, and half-enchanted, half horrified, by the circumstances in which he finds himself, so different from his own home. Marian, beautiful, overbearing, thinking only of herself, is well drawn, though we feel we should like to know more of her personal story. The violence of the climax is, not without horror, very well conveyed.

A. P.

The Shaggy Dog Story. Eric Partridge. *Faber*, 7/6

Those acquainted with Mr. Partridge's splendid work in the field of lexicography might expect him to illuminate this subject with the white beam of erudition. Instead, he recounts well-worn specimens of this

(obsolescent?) *genre* in rather laboured fashion ("Unable to restrain his curiosity any longer, the fascinated onlooker said to the other man . . .") and adds commentaries in the literary style of a *Radio Times* gossip page.

It is disappointing. Perhaps the author felt the subject unworthy to extend him fully, but in that case he shouldn't have taken it on. And it is sad to see an American magazine credited with a story told in *Punch*, with a drawing and six-word caption, by the late Paul Crum, in July 1937.

J. D. B.

Rum Jungle. Alan Moorehead. *Hamish Hamilton*, 12/6

Alan Moorehead was born in 1910 into an Australia that, although it had all things new and was without the "entrenched prejudices and rivalries" of older peoples, still felt itself an appendage of Europe. He found himself out of place and his unrest culminated in his journey "home" in 1936. From the moment of landing at a Mediterranean port, he dates his life. Certainly the vivid colour and life that he found in the market-place that is Europe triggered off his imagination—as a piece of dead coal bursts into flame when restored to the fire—and the brilliant war correspondent whose dispatches most of us have read was the result.

This book tells of his recent visit to Australia, and the changed conditions he found in a country newly independent and fast growing its own "peculiarly Australian" traditions. *Rum Jungle* itself is the home of large deposits of the raw materials of the atomic age.

J. D.

The Silver Chair. C. S. Lewis. *Bles*, 10/6

The book reminds one of many others, and that is not a derogatory thing to say, because it is not derivative in plot, though many of the inhabitants of the strange land of Narnia, which is explored by two children from a co-educational school, have familiar ancestors. There are centaurs and giants, a king, a prince, a witch, a knight, dwarfs, fauns and talking animals. Best of all is a strange

delightful creature named Puddleglum, a marsh-wiggle adapted to living in soggy places. One feels sure that the wind blowing over Narnia has stirred the Willows, swept across Wonderland, the Delectable Mountains and the haunts of Merlin.

The story tells of wild and dangerous adventures on a pilgrimage. There is modern idiom as well as poetry in the writing, and the whole thing is as natural as a dream. As in all dreams, there is an awakening, and perhaps the allegorical purpose made it necessary for the adventurers to return to Experiment House, which changed for the better, and became quite a good school. Even so, the ending is a little flat.

B. E. B.

Encounter. A Monthly Magazine. *Secker and Warburg*, 2/6

There can seldom have been a new magazine produced with more people *wanting* it to be a success; not only is there a definite need for a national review of literature, art, and politics, something detached, thoughtful, and liberal, but also sophistication seems suddenly to have become a good selling point; probably a lot of people will like to have *Encounter* lying around the house, visible.

The first number is very readable and well balanced; it contains a superb poem by C. Day Lewis, a lovely sketch of Ernst Toller by Isherwood, some dry, tough pages from Virginia Woolf's diary, and a lot of other thoughtful but easily-written stuff. The only serious criticism is that for a magazine with such a hopeful and forward-looking editorial rather too much of its material (three of the eight main things listed on the cover) was written before the war.

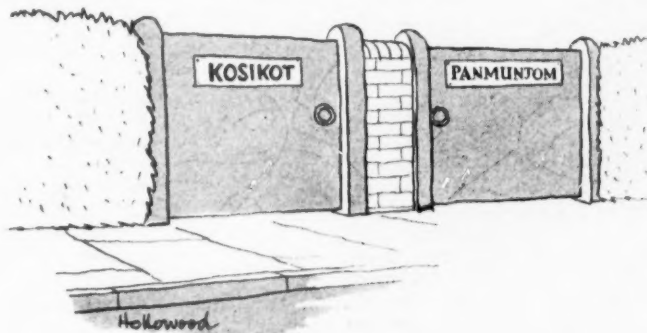
P. D.



AT THE PLAY

The King and I (DRURY LANE)
Four Winds (PHENIX)

THE *King and I*, based on Miss MARGARET LANDON's book *Anna and the King of Siam*, and written by Mr. RICHARD RODGERS and Mr. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, is a complete



break with the post-war American tradition of musical comedy, and as big a surprise as if, say, Mr. Graham Greene's next novel were to begin "Once upon a time . . ." It discards everything that is hard and smart, and goes back unashamedly to a story of simple sentiment in the 1860s to which any Victorian could have listened without a blush; bolder even than that, it has a sad ending. The King dies. To those of us who were beginning to think we had attended enough musical night-classes on sex-frustration to last a lifetime all this must be a welcome change, even if we feel, as I do, that in spite of its undoubted charms *The King and I* is sometimes slow as entertainment.

Except in a few lyrics, none of which strikes me as being cream of HAMMERSTEIN, it makes much less use of wit than of the gentle humours arising from Anna's situation as governess to the rapidly multiplying royal children of Siam, and from her gradual taming of their despotic father. If the sentiment had once been allowed to stray into sentimentality the whole feeling of the play would have been lost. As it is, the good taste and judgment with which the sentiment has been handled lend the kind of innocence which can safely afford to be tender. Even Anna's romance with the King, touching in its simplicity, goes no farther than a polka-lesson.

The best scenes include the delightful introduction of the royal children to Anna, their geography lesson, and the subjection and death of the King; and inset as a performance in the court theatre is an entrancing little ballet, "The Small House of Uncle Thomas,"

led by Miss SONYA HANA and translating Harriet Beecher Stowe into Siamese dancing. Attractive sets by Mr. JO MIELZNER and dresses by Miss IRENE SHARAFF provide an exotic Oriental atmosphere, and several of Mr. RODGERS's tunes will stick.

Mr. JOHN VAN DRUTEN's production is impeccable except for its speed, which could be accelerated. If I sound slightly lukewarm about an evening for which there is clearly so much to be said, it is because for me it needed a sharper edge; and I might not have felt so if Miss VALERIE HOBSON had shown a more decided comic attack. Her Anna is lovely to look at, gracious and charming, with a pleasant voice, but with a sense of fun rather than the ability to create it. As the King, ingenuous under the thin skin of a dictator, Mr. HERBERT LOM is splendid and sings well; Miss MURIEL SMITH gives a beautifully sympathetic performance as the head wife and Miss DOREEN DUKE invests the tragedy of a slave-girl with uncommon dignity. But really the sum personality of the royal children is as important as anything in this play, and they know their business perfectly.

We so often suffer from plays about too little that it seems ungrateful to complain that *Four Winds* is about too much; it would be fairer really to say, not that Mr. ALEX ATKINSON has overloaded his story but that the mixture of a psychological thriller, a whodunit, a matrimonial drama and a farce resists assimilation. In each of these veins he shows himself able to write effective dialogue, and the neatness of some of his situations adds to

the impression that he is an author with ideas, who is likely to give us a much better play. Miss BETTY ANN DAVIES takes a sorely tried wife with charm and restraint, Mr. FRANK LAWTON cleverly sustains a long part as a neurotic doctor, and Mr. WILLIAM KENDALL is intermittently very funny as a hearty character shamelessly camping out with somebody else's wife. The ghosts of the Brontës, no doubt hovering near this remote corner of the Yorkshire moors, must have found him very surprising.

Recommended

The Living Room (Wyndham's), and *Carrington, V.C.* (Westminster), are both plays you will want to talk about, and *Gyps and Dolls* (Coliseum) magically distils Runyon in an exciting musical.

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Background
Nous Sommes Tous des Assassins

AN unpretentious Group 3 production called *Background* (Director DANIEL BIRT) strikes me as well worthy of anyone's attention—and I'm not referring merely to the obvious point that there are three good child actors in it. Such a circumstance as this (three times as much scene-stealing as one child does, and three times as often) is conventionally supposed to be death to everybody else concerned, and some writers have taken the view that it is in this instance; but I found no difficulty at all in taking an interest in the other players, and I thought the scenes not involving the children were just as consistently well done and good to watch as those they had the opportunity of stealing. The whole thing is a well-balanced and attractive little picture.

It is, in a way, propagandist, but few would quarrel with its message. The theme is a divorcee's effect on the children: studied indirectly, in the effect of the mere prospect of divorce, so that the way is left open for a happy ending. There is another man who loves the wife, and she is attracted to him, but no attempt is made to build up a melodramatic triangle with passionate love and jealousy. The emotions of the adults, in fact, are shown to be trivial compared with those of the children, and this is the point of the picture. It is the son (JEREMY SPENSER) who is roused to murderous jealousy, the youngest daughter (MANDY MILLER) who is struck by misery as she grasps the fact that her home is disappearing.

As often before, fresh and imaginative detail in the telling immensely fortifies a quite tenuous story. Husband and wife (PHILIP FRIEND and VALERIE HOBSON) find themselves



Anna—MISS VALERIE HOBSON

The King of Siam—MR. HERBERT LOM

[The King and I



{Background
Linda Lomax—MANDY MILLER

constantly quarrelling after sixteen years of marriage; the presence of another man who wants to marry her (NORMAN WOOLAND) is the deciding factor in making the wife agree to a divorce; realization of what it would mean to the children decides them to drop the idea. That is a bald summary, and quite misleading. The accumulation of small incidents and details is done so convincingly and well that it makes both decisions perfectly understandable, and the direction and playing (I must mention also LILLY KANN, admirable as a Swiss nannie) are of an unobtrusive competence that keeps one attentive and pleased throughout.

Also propagandist, and on a far more controversial theme, is *Nous Sommes Tous des Assassins* (Director: ANDRÉ CAYATTE), the title of which they prefer to advertise in cautiously doubtful translation as *Are We All Murderers?* I found this quite intensely absorbing and most impressive.

The argument is against capital punishment, and the film studies a representative four men condemned to death. All for excellent reasons, as the synopsis observes: only in one instance is there the slightest doubt of guilt, and if we assume their guilt, none deserves any personal sympathy;

and yet . . . will their execution do any good? Is it even a deterrent to others? One of the four is a Corsican who killed because of a blood feud, and his death will merely induce another murder, not prevent it.

The first case is shown in detail: there is a dreadful fascination about the story of the savage young illiterate who during the war got into the way of murdering on the slightest provocation. (Symbolic moment: without a second's thought he sprays bullets at his own reflection in a mirror.) This half-hour narrative is brilliantly done and comes over with tremendous force.

The film ends in the air, with a moment of *cheated* anticipation: excellent device to make the audience argue. It all seemed to me very powerfully effective.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

There is much good stuff in the new Italian one in London, *Rome 11 o'clock*. *The Man Between* (7/10/53), *La Minute de Vérité* (23/9/53) and *Shane* (16/9/53) continue.

Most pretentious of the releases is *Melba* (9/9/53), but I found much more fun in *The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms* (2/9/53).

RICHARD MALLETT

AT THE BALLET

Ballet Español (STOLL)

Carte Blanche (SADLER'S WELLS)

MADAME PILAR LOPEZ, sister of the celebrated LA ARGENTINA, has returned to London after an absence of two years and is nightly essaying artistic *agenda* which in their accomplishment border on the miraculous.

It was in an atmosphere of warm but critical appreciation, imparting, as it were, a patina of patrician distinction to the easy opulence of the Stoll Theatre, that Madame LOPEZ introduced her talented young colleagues. In stately movement, with arms and head and torso holding one's eyes, it was almost a surprise to be diverted to the feet of the dancers, to which we in this country accord first importance. By then Madame LOPEZ had been joined by three young men, Mr. ROBERTO XIMENEZ, Mr. PACO DE RONDA and Mr. MANOLO VARGAS, who were later to delight us with their own very different but equally exciting virtuosités.

In *Zapatendo del Perchel*, a dance of pure technical skill from Malaga, the speed, precision and delicacy of Mr. XIMENEZ's footwork combine to be almost hypnotic. Purists may raise an eyebrow at beholding the classical steps and style of *Concierto de Aranjuez* done to romantic music by JOAQUIN RODRIGO played by Mr. LUIS MARAVILLAS on a guitar accompanied by the orchestra. But native idiom reappears

in magnificent strength with *Flamenco de la Trinidad* (in which Madame LOPEZ and Mr. PACO DE RONDA sum up all Andalusian elegance) and the singing, dancing and guitaring of *Madrid Flamenco*, the evening's final triumph.

At Sadler's Wells the ballet season opened with Mr. WALTER GORE's *Carte Blanche*. It is a romp rather than a ballet: little dancing but much mime and graceful agility inspired by the fun of the circus. Mr. PIRMIN TRECU as a tightrope walker and Miss ANNETTE PAGE and Mr. DONALD BRITTON as trapeze artists excel, and there is a romantic passage beautifully interpreted by Miss MARGARET HILL and Mr. DAVID POOLE. Music by Mr. JOHN ADDISON and dresses and décor by Mr. KENNETH ROWELL sustain the mood of gay inconsequence.

C. B. MORTLOCK

ON THE AIR

Old Familiar Places

TWO of television's most popular shows, "Café Continental" and "In the News," are now on the air again after the summer recess, and most viewers, I suspect, will be relieved to find them as immutable as ever. When the B.B.C. finds a winner among its programmes it is flogged all the way to the knacker's yard.

"Café Continental," devised and produced by Henry Caldwell, is a floor-show, a cabaret performed before an invited studio audience; and it is successful because most of the "turns," whether good or mediocre, avoid the spoken word and the tedious drollery of conventional radio humour. The performers, mostly Continentals, employ the language of international entertainment—mime, slapstick, gymnastic and equilibristic skill, sleight of hand and illusion—and for nearly an hour the viewer is allowed to forget the dull routine patter of the native comic.

For the rest of these sixty minutes the viewer (this one anyway) speculates upon the composition of the studio audience. How did these people get to Lime Grove? The woman in the off-the-shoulder gown . . . dancing with the fat man . . . Isn't that Mrs. —? No? If she'd but turn her head when they bob round again . . . But she won't: they never do. No, they have so very obviously been told not to stare at the cameras. I find myself feeling sorry for the studio audience. Somehow I don't quite believe in the extravagant gaiety of that first snatch of quick-step. I can't believe that they enjoy their drinks, their balloons and streamers, or that they like to sit, as so many of them have to, with their eyes on the backs of the cabaret artists. In some strange way I feel

myself part of this studio background of tails and tuxedos, and I share its thinly-disguised uneasiness.

And there's another thing: the floor-show is so authentic, so convincingly Continental that the broken English, the *oo-la-las* and *si-sis* are both superfluous and irritating. The accents of Maître Père Auguste and company merely convert the Continent into the "Continong."

"In the News" has become as dull as ditchwater and as tiresome as a detention, and I doubt whether the promised new faces alone can save it. What began as a reasonable wrangle on affairs and topics of the moment has become a pillow fight between two sets of boisterous but amiable schoolboys. It may be that there is little in the news these days to arouse the old fighting party spirit; or it may be that we viewers are no longer impressed by the tricks of the politician's trade, the sullen, pouting abuse of Michael Foot and Stephen McAdden, the bland cynicism of Anthony Greenwood and the avuncular pedagogies of W. J. Brown. When they have nothing new to say politicians become ham actors, the hammiest of ham actors. The programme needs new blood and questions that cannot be answered by reference to the official party handbooks.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

A. W. B.

We record with regret the death of Arthur Bird, who, as A. W. B., contributed regularly to *Punch* between 1911 and 1948.



AT THE GALLERY

Ernest Shepard Exhibition

ERNEST SHEPARD, whose name as a draftsman has been associated with *Punch* for many years, is also well-known throughout the



English-speaking world as the illustrator of many of the books of A. A. Milne (including *When We Were Very Young*), and of Kenneth Grahame's *Wind in the Willows*, of the seventy-four editions of which he has illustrated the last thirty-eight. *Punch* readers must have already a fair idea of the versatility of his talents, since, besides doing drawings for children's books

and whimsical poems which essentially captivate grown-ups, he was able to supply during three years of the last world war a stream of virulent and purposeful cartoons aimed at the destruction of Nazidom. "I have often gone to bed," he told me during a recent visit, "with a portrait of Hitler or Goebbels under my pillow, so as to be sure where it was in an emergency."

Mr. Shepard believes that his present exhibition, at Walker's Galleries, is not the occasion to show the originals of these cartoons; what he does show, besides about twenty-five *Punch* drawings in his more usual style, is a record in water-colour (thereby disclosing a third string to his bow) of his holidays abroad in Galway, Rome, Florence and the Balearic Islands. In these studies, with gay but restrained colour, he catches something of the essential atmosphere of those places which have charmed him. "They have been done purely for my own pleasure," he says, and that is a good recommendation from a judge of his experience; they also show the same accomplishment as everything he touches. Mr. Shepard recalls his early days in various London art schools and regrets not having been at the Slade School where he would have been under Professor Tonks when Augustus John and Orpen were students.

The walls of his home are hung with drawings and engravings by Du Maurier and Keene; and these, together with a treasured Cézanne oil painting picked up "by a piece of luck," are another indication of the mental range of this ever-young artist whose first *Punch* drawing appeared in 1907.

ADRIAN DAINTRY



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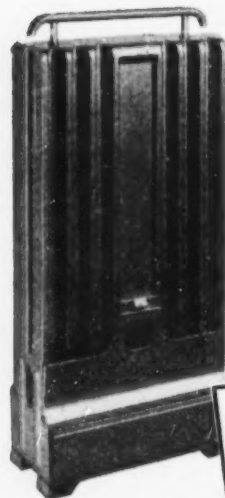


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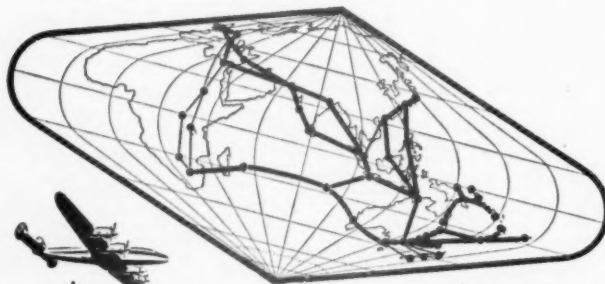
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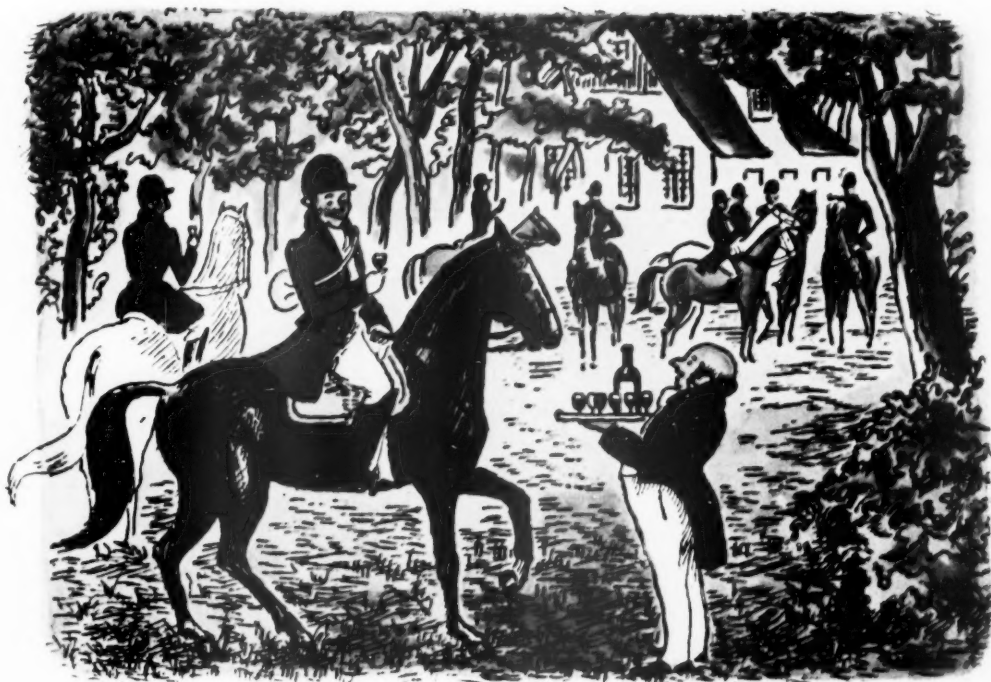
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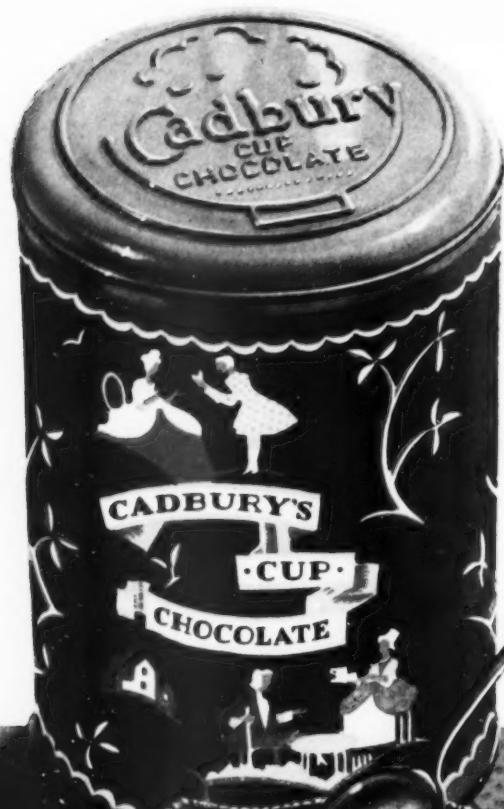
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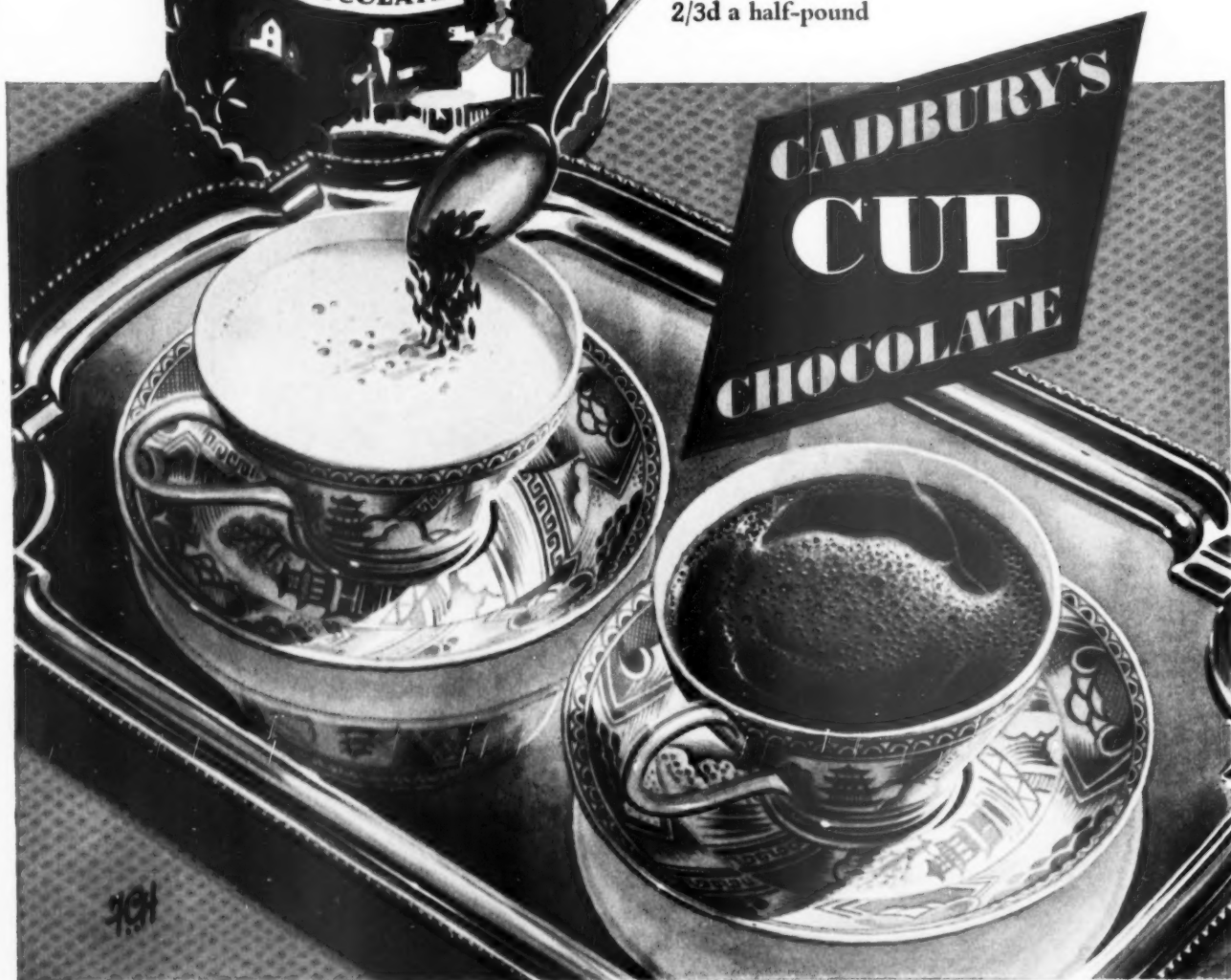


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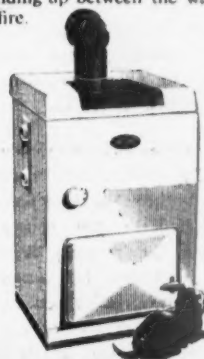
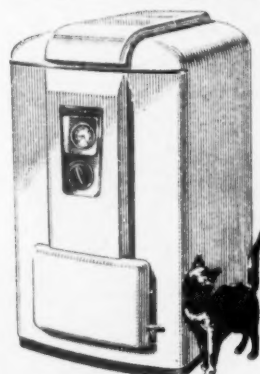
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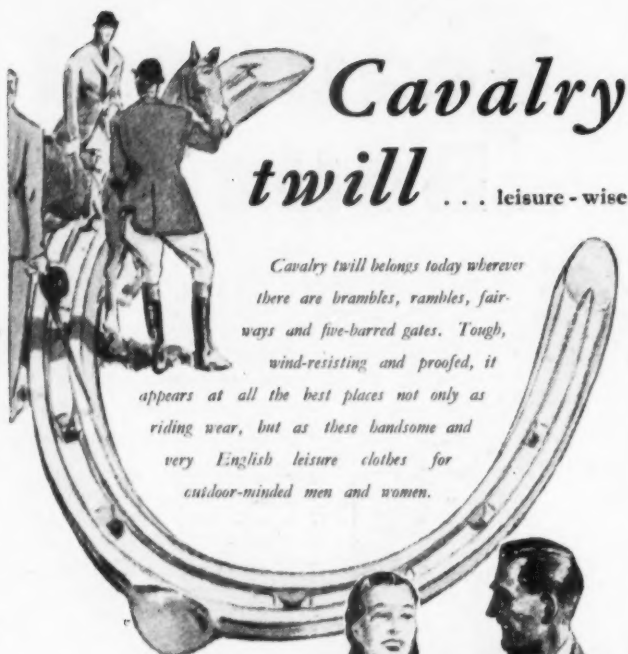
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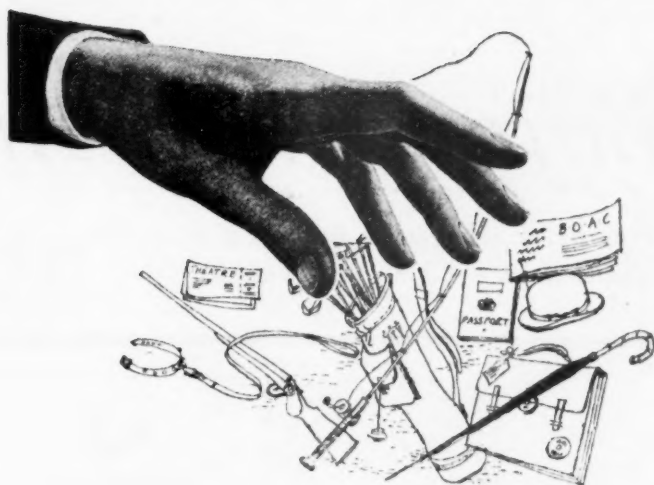
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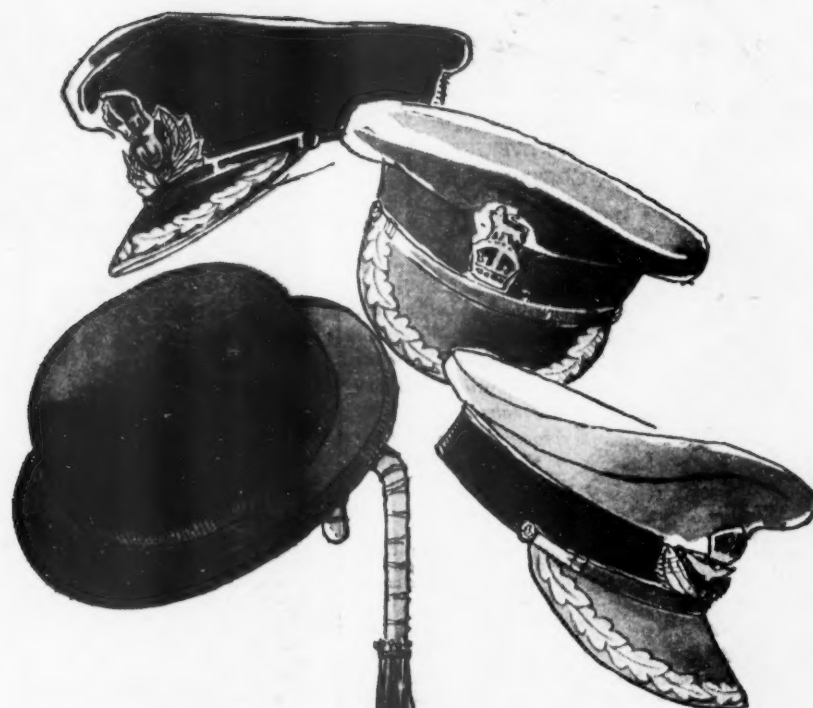


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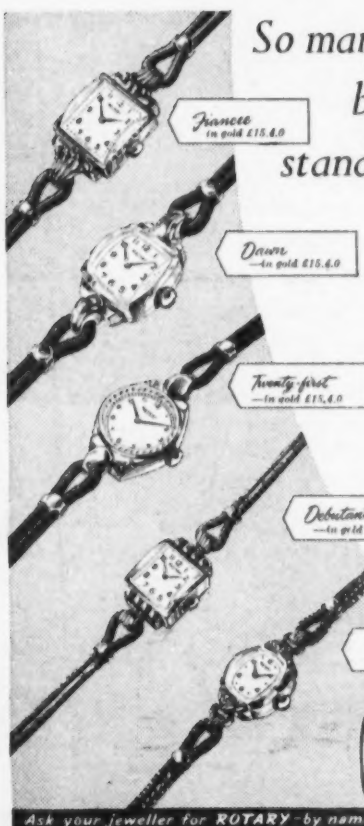
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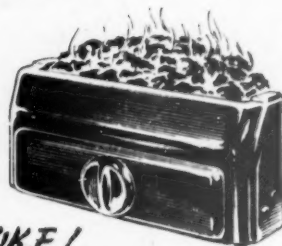
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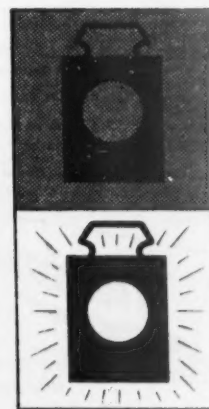
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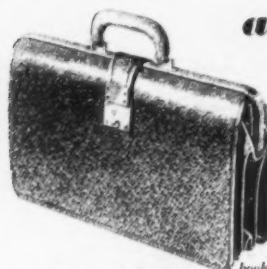
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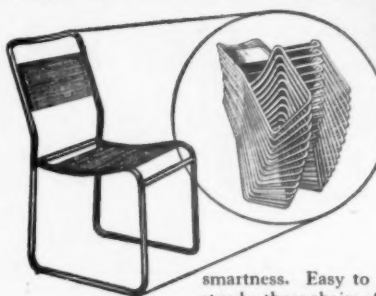
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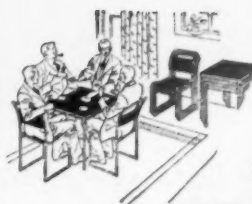


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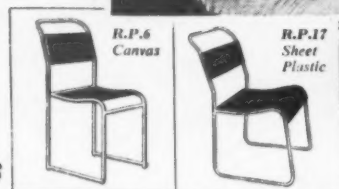



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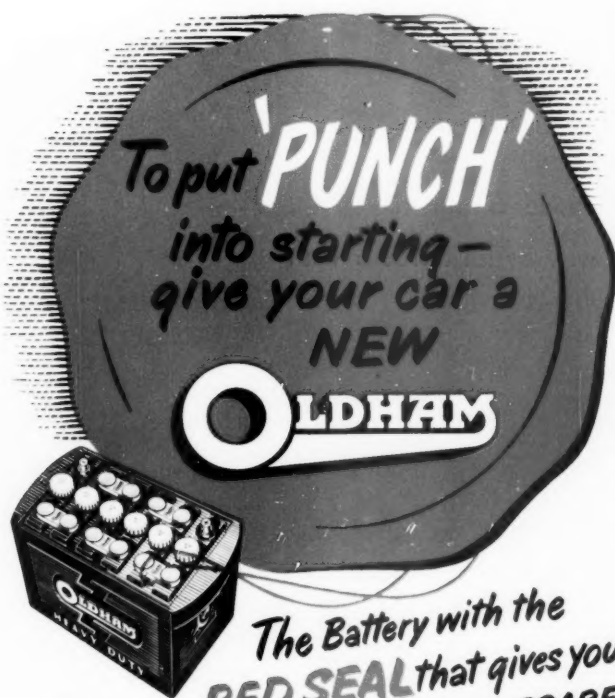
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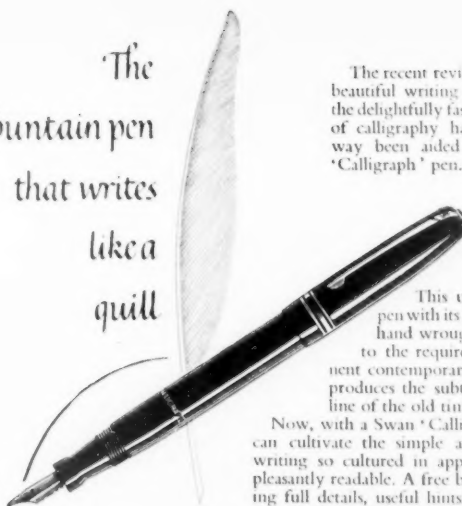
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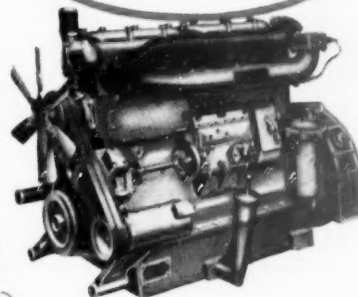
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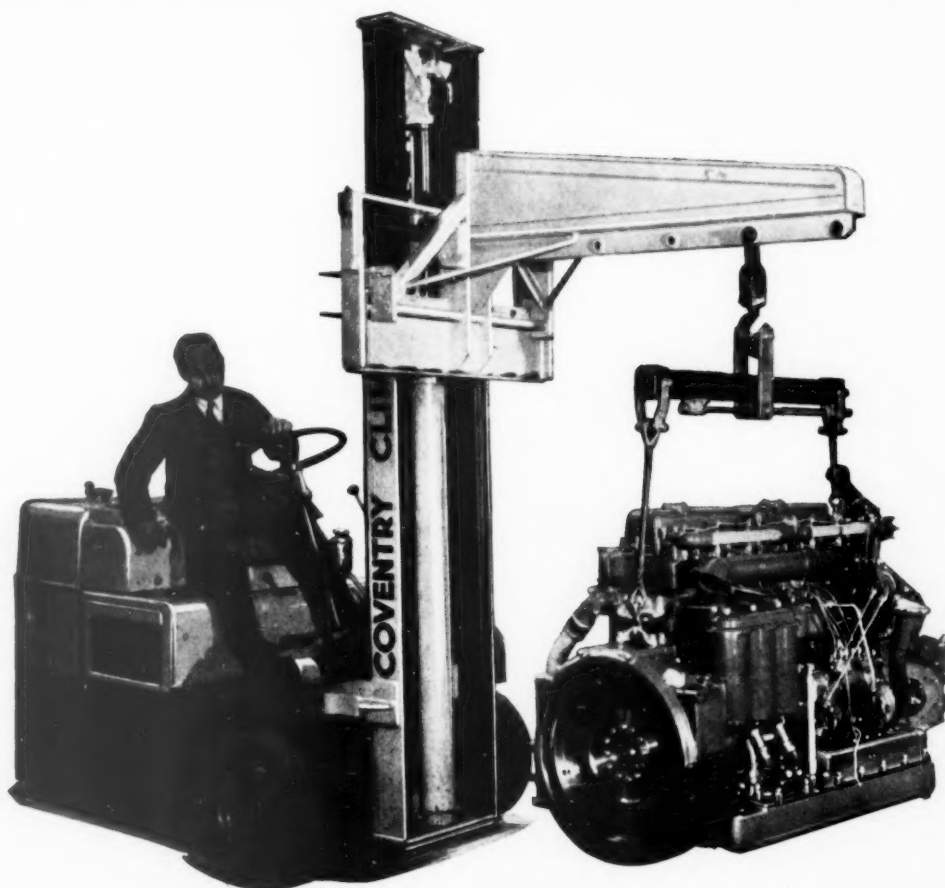
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